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The UNITARIAN

Volume XI. JULY, 1896 Number 7

IS THIS A GOOD WORLD?

BY REV. ALBERT WALKLEY OF BRIGHTON, MASS.

"His Lord said unto him: Well done, good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will set thee over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—MATT. xxv. 21.

In the first chapter of Genesis we read that God pronounced all that he had made as good, very good.

But we may ask, "Good for what?" So far as we know, there is no such thing as general goodness. Air is good for the lungs, but is not food for the stomach. The sun's heat is needed to make grass and trees grow and bud, but is no help to an aching head. The lathe is the masterpiece in mechanics, but it is no use as a mower of grain. This world is good; but it is no good as a place of ease, of idleness, or of cowardice. It is not so made that men can admire selfishness or envy or hate or malice, however much they may indulge in them.

This world is good for one thing. And what is that? To develop and test what is in us. It is a school and a testing-place. If there are possibilities to us, this world of discipline will either bring them into light or make them into realities. This is a great good. And, if the world is good for this definite thing, that is all we have a right to ask of it. It is enough for one life and one world to do. We have no right to go wandering up and down metaphysics, hunting for an abstract indefinite goodness, when, right under our eyes, is a definite good thing. The world is good for one thing. That is enough. And we have no more right to ask for aught else than we have to ask that a telescope be a good sewing machine.

In some of our thinking on this subject we run into a groove of thought where we think a good world would be one in which we should have strength of body independent of any exercise of the muscles, vigor of mind without the diligent use of the intellectual faculties. We make happiness negative, and so confound it with idleness. We think blessedness is the absence of struggle, a glorious vacancy. We are not rid of the old Eden from which God's goodness and wisdom banished us, and at whose gate, in mercy, he has put Cherubim with flaming swords, so that we may never get back again.

Almost any day, when you are on the street where children are at play, you may see a couple of them, who are about six years of age, running away from another child about four years old. This four-year-old child feels himself wronged. He is running with all his might, and yelling also with all his might. You, perhaps, would stop the two runaways, and have them wait for their brother. God lets them run. If you should stop them, you would only injure the little fellow behind. Or you might pick up the running brother, and run with him until you caught up with the other children. God would say to you: "Put him down. Let him run, and let him yell. It is good for his soft muscles and his developing lungs. Out of that struggle will come to him, in

time, the sense of self-reliance. And, when it does come, it will be worth to him all he now pays for it. Let him be faithful in that little struggle, and I will make him master over many other and greater things. And out of these things will again grow still greater self-reliance." No negative thing this, but a positive gain.

And here is the turning-point. Our characters, our happiness, our blessedness, is to be positive, not negative. Ours is not to be mere ease, idleness, unearned possession. No! for we are not protoplasmic beings. We are men, related to that Spirit which is at work in all,—the active, creative, self-reliant, positive Spirit.

Character is developed by experience. Character is accumulated experience added to the original gift. It is not possible to have the result of experience without having had experience itself. God, if he wished, could have made steam engines, built factories, and made cotton cloth and silk garments. Or he could have made these grow up as does the grass. God could have built our bridges or our railways, and equipped them with all the needed locomotives and rolling stock. God could have built us houses, with all the conveniences of water, light, and electricity, with books, pictures, statuary, pianos, music. God could have done all this. But, if he had, what earthly use should we have been? We should have been negative creatures, automatons, masses of flesh, gatherings of brain cells and fibres, —this, and nothing more. No ray of positive joy, no throb of victory, no sense of self-reliance, not a spark of enthusiasm could be ours. We could know nothing of sacrifice. We should be untouched by love, the origin and offspring of sacrifice. We should have had things, but have been without character.

It is infinitely better that God should put the iron in the mountain, and the wood in the forest, and the cotton on the herb, and the silk in the worm, and the stone in the quarry, and the color in mineral and vegetable, and at the same time put the idea in us and put the power in us to conquer and use all these things. "There," says the wise God, "are all these things in mountain and forest, in vegetable, mineral, and animal; and here in you I put an idea, and I give you hands and brain, and I will dwell in you myself to push you on,—a propelling power to victory, to reliance, to sacrifice, to love, to creative likeness, to myself."

Better, infinitely better, we admit, that Mozart give us music, that Raphael paint for us, that Angelo make stone live, that we build our own bridges and railways and our homes, than that God should do it, even were his a great deal better than we have yet done. But all this means struggle, then victory, then real possession.

The title-deeds of men are writ on paper, and often the man with one of these paper deeds does not really own what the deed calls for. The title-deeds of God are writ in the spirit, and he who holds one of these owns all the face of it gives. He owns the forest whose soul is touched by the trees; he owns heaven to whom the stars speak. When man conquers the world, makes its forces serve him, he owns it. This is not negative, but positive possession, positive victory. It is happiness and blessedness so far as these lie in the material world.

But let us turn to life, to our characters. It is very possible that God could have made us like the lily of the valley, beautiful, like the bird, joyous. It is possible he could have taken all the struggle out of life. He might have made a world without sighs or moans or tears. He might have made us so that no wave of sorrow should have touched the quiet life of the soul. Life might have been like an emerald sea, whose waves only add to its beauty, and upon whose bosom fall the cheering rays of light and warmth. Peace might have rested over all in Godlike glory, the air itself filled with gentlest music, and man in the midst, a child of the same quiet, a stranger to all that now makes up life. His imagination could not have even pictured our life, with its tears and sorrows and accumulated woes. The struggling man of our world may well turn to God, and ask, "O gentle, pitying God, why did you not so make our world, instead of this world of sorrow, tears, and death?" God answers: "For the same reason that I did not make your pictures or your music, your railways or your factories. I let you make them for yourselves, and thus they become yours. You will now make your own characters, that they, too, may be yours. All my blessings to you are to be positive blessings. The heaven you are to win is no

negative ease, but it is a spiritual triumph. Your heads are to be crowned with the laurels of victors. Your joy is to be your own eternal possession,—yours because you know its cost.

Had God made for us the world I have fancied, then should we have never known this world. Now, we know two worlds,—a world of peace of which we get glimpses through the ever-widening avenues of imagination, and this world of struggle in which we live and which we are subduing.

Here are obstacles: we overcome them, and in the overcoming comes the feeling of strength, the sense of self-reliance. Here are things to fear: we rise above this fear, and the sense of courage is ours. Here are things sure to conquer us, or at least it seems that way. One of our number now steps forth, and offers himself a possible victim. We look on. He is victorious. He is our hero. Heroic virtues spring up in him and in us. Or here there is no doubt. A victim is demanded. Some one is to perish. The stake, the cross, arise in sight. Who will go? "Take me," says one from out our ranks. He dies. He shows us what is sacrifice. And we are not without his blessing. We, too, from him learn sacrifice and pity as well.

Oh, this old earth is a stern mother. She brought forth her children in agony. She is going to teach them virtues that only can come of struggle. She teaches the lesson in birth, and in the whole of life, until we all become possessed of highest virtues, even of that highest one, sacrifice, wrapped in all motherhood, and in the agony of fatherhood when the strong man bows over his dead child. No pansy blossom is to be our crown. When this whole thing has ended, we shall kneel and cry out: "O Father God! O mother earth! Can ye say, 'Well done?'" We shall be crowned with the oak leaf. It is victory. It is a sublime victory.

But in all this we have been doing two things,—subduing a world and developing man. The world of the emerald sea, of peace and of rest, is ever coming nearer through our victory over this world's forces. When it is reached, the man made ready for it will be the man of this world of struggle, who will be possessed of the virtues that come alone of struggle,—self-reliance, courage, heroism, pity, mercy, love, hope, trust, resignation,—thy will be done,—virtues that could never become the possession of the man born and reared in the world of peace and rest. Add to this the consciousness of having changed a world, improved a world, and what virtue and honor rest on us! Two worlds are for our race,—the world of imagination, with a glory beyond our highest thinking, and this present world of struggle where heroes are made and which we are lifting up to the world of our holiest visions. Find fault, if you will, with the school buildings,—they may be poor things,—find fault with the furniture inside, find fault with the text-books and scientific apparatus, find fault with the curriculum and the teachers; yet, when all is said and done, this school, this testing-place, makes men of those who will. It does not profess to do more. It cannot do more, for will is an essential element in manhood. And this is true, should you and I forever perish; but its truth is multiplied a hundred-fold, should we be immortal, as we believe we are. Genesis said: "It was good. It was very good." We say, "*It is the best.*"

OUR CHURCHES.

I. ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

BY CHARLES C. SMITH.

The Arlington Street Church is not one of the oldest religious organizations in Boston, but it has had an interesting and instructive history. It was originally "congregated" in 1729 by a small company of Scotch-Irish immigrants, who arrived here not long before that time. Their first minister, Rev. John Moorhead, was born near Belfast, in the north of Ireland, where he received his early education, and graduated with honor at the University of Edinburgh, in Scotland. When he began to preach to his little congregation of "Presbyterian strangers," he was about twenty-six years of age; and he remained their pastor until his death, Dec. 2, 1773, a period of about forty-four years. Their first meeting-house was a barn at the corner of Long Lane and Bury Street, as it was then called and spelled. This was remodelled

and enlarged; and in it they worshipped until 1744, when it was replaced by a more commodious structure, in order to furnish adequate accommodation for their greatly increased numbers.

Mr. Moorhead appears to have been a faithful and devoted minister, a liberal friend to the poor, and a strict Calvinist in his theological opinions. It is stated in an obituary notice in the Boston *Evening Post*, a few days after his death, that in all his discourses he dwelt much on the importance of the doctrine of a vicarious atonement "as the only well-grounded hope of salvation and happiness in a future state." The notice adds that "nature had blessed him with a hale constitution, which he assiduously cultivated and preserved until two or three years since, when a disorder, cruel in its nature, seized him, and, although it did not confine him for any great space of time, yet its repeated attacks wasted and destroyed his health, and finally put a period to his usefulness and life. On the Lord's day preceding his death he preached twice, seemingly in better health than he had been long time before; but upon his return home from divine service in the afternoon his disease returned with greater violence than ever, and continued till Thursday, the day of his death." Mr. Moorhead's portrait was painted and engraved in 1751 by Peter Pelham, the earliest known painter and engraver in New England. Another portrait, painted by John Greenwood in 1749, was bought by Rev. Dr. Gannett many years ago, and given by him to the society. It now hangs in the lower room of the chapel on Boylston Street.

In the ten years following Mr. Moorhead's death, which cover the period of the War of Independence, the society languished; and during a part of the time religious services were suspended. Finally, in September, 1783, Rev. Robert Annan, who was probably born in Scotland, and came to America at an early age, was installed as their minister. Contemporary notices of him show that he was of narrow views and an unbending temper, and that he was fond of controversy. With these disqualifications he failed to harmonize the differences which grew up in the society; and in February, 1786, he was dismissed at his own request. He then went to Philadelphia, and thence to Baltimore, and afterward to the interior of Pennsylvania. Beyond these facts little or nothing has been ascertained of his personal history.

A few months after his dismissal, in August, 1786, it was "voted unanimously that the church and congregation do embrace the Congregational mode of government, and that all difficulties in the church hereafter be settled by the minister or male members of the church." This vote terminated forever all connection between the church in Long Lane and the Presbyterian body.

On the 28th of January in the following year it was voted unanimously to extend a call to Rev. Jeremy Belknap, a native of Boston, then settled at Dover, N.H. His salary was to be "two pounds eight shillings lawful money per week, or quarterly if he chooses it, during the whole time of his ministry amongst us; and in case our Society shall increase, and the pews be all occupied, the salary shall then be increased to a comfortable support." The salary amounted to about $416 a year. Mr. Belknap was installed April 4, 1787, and died of apoplexy June 20, 1798, at the age of fifty-four. By his own people he was beloved and honored; and he enjoyed also the respect and affection of his brother ministers. In the sermon at his funeral Mr. Kirkland, afterward President of Harvard College, who knew him well, said to the bereaved congregation: "If a judicious and seasonable choice of subjects, pertinency of thoughts, clearness of method, and warmth of application; if language plain and perspicuous, polished and nervous; if striking illustrations; if evangelical doctrines and motives; if a seriousness and fervor evincing that the preacher's own mind was affected; if a pronunciation free and natural, distinct and emphatical,—are excellences in public teaching, you, my brethren of this Society, have possessed them in your deceased pastor. Your attention was never drawn from the great practical views of the gospel by the needless introduction of controversial subjects, nor your minds perplexed, nor your devotional feelings damped by the cold subtleties of metaphysick. His preaching was designed to make you good and happy, and not to gain your applause. Whilst the manner as

well as matter was suited to affect the heart, no attempt was made to overbear your imaginations and excite your passions by clamorous and affected tones." In the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society are thirty-six volumes of manuscript sermons by Dr. Belknap, extending from 1762 to 1798, to attest the justice of this eulogy. But Dr. Belknap's contemporary reputation as a Christian minister has been not unnaturally overshadowed by his far greater reputation as a man of letters. He was the founder of the oldest historical society in America, the Massachusetts Historical Society; the author of a History of New Hampshire, of which it has been said, by the most learned and variously accomplished of the historians of New England, that it needed little besides a better theme to give it a high place among works of its class, and which has but one rival among historical writings produced on this side of the Atlantic in the last century. He was also the author of two volumes of American Biography, of a humorous account of the settlement of New England, entitled "The Foresters," and of other publications; and the compiler of a Collection of Psalms and Hymns, which continued to be used in this and other societies for nearly fifty years.

It was in the meeting-house in Long Lane, and during Dr. Belknap's ministry, that the Massachusetts Convention met, which ratified the Constitution of the United States; and it was from this circumstance that the name of Long Lane was changed to Federal Street by a singular but appropriate act of popular enthusiasm.

On the 10th of July, 1799, Rev. John Snelling Popkin, also a native of Boston, and the first scholar in his class at the neighboring college, was ordained as the successor of Dr. Belknap. But ill-health and a morbid self-distrust interfered with his usefulness and success here; and in November, 1802, he was dismissed at his own request. Subsequently he went to Newbury, where he remained until 1815, when he was appointed professor of Greek in Harvard College. This office he held until 1833. After resigning his professorship, he lived in retirement until his death at Cambridge, March 2, 1852. He was never married, and his harmless eccentricities were the occasion of much not unfriendly mirth among the students and graduates. A memoir of him, with selections from his sermons and other writings, was published by his personal friend and successor, Professor, afterward President, Felton.

The pulpit did not remain long vacant; and on the 1st of June, 1803, William Ellery Channing, then in his twenty-fourth year, became the minister. His preaching at once attracted the attention of the most thoughtful and cultivated persons in the community; and it was soon necessary to build a new meeting-house. This was of brick with a wooden spire, of the Gothic style, but with little ornamentation, from the plans of Charles Bulfinch, the architect of the State House on Beacon Hill. It was dedicated Nov. 23, 1809, and was occupied as a church edifice for a little less than fifty years, when it was sold for business purposes on account of its inconvenient location, owing to the drift of population away from that neighborhood.

Mr. Channing's reputation and influence steadily increased, until, on the delivery of the sermon at the ordination of Rev. Jared Sparks in Baltimore, he became the acknowledged head of the Liberal Movement in America. He had no ambition for leadership and little inclination for controversy; but the early death of Joseph Stevens Buckminster, the able and brilliant minister of the Brattle Street Society, and the circumstances of the time, forced him into a prominence which he did not seek. His life thus became identified with the history of American Unitarianism; and, with the exception of Jonathan Edwards, no man has so largely influenced the religious thought of America. Slender in figure, of a delicate constitution, with studious habits, and having little taste for general society, he was more than once obliged to seek a respite from his ministerial duties, and lived always in comparative seclusion, though he never shunned any labor to which he thought duty called him. After the ordination of Rev. Ezra Stiles Gannett as his colleague, June 30, 1824, he appeared less frequently in the pulpit, and the larger share of the parish work fell on Mr. Gannett. Dr. Channing died Oct. 2, 1842, in the sixty-third year of his age, leaving a name which is the property not of this society only, but of the whole religious

other than to bewilder, to stun, to create doubt, uncertainty, apprehension, fear,—well if it do not end in permanent scepticism and despair. Nor is this strange. It is only the result that follows from like causes everywhere,—on the European continent, in America, in England. The disturbance of the old religious faith is always and everywhere a serious matter, unless it be accompanied by agencies looking to the establishing of a better new. But railways and telegraphs and commerce cannot give men a new religious faith. Even schools and colleges of themselves are helpless to do it. And so what do we see in India to-day, among her educated men, among the young men of her colleges, among those generally who have been affected most by Western influences? Just what I have said,—almost universal religious bewilderment, and in the case of multitudes a deep and awful suspicion, not only that the old religion, but that all religion, is a superstition and a delusion. Their enlightenment has gone far enough to overturn the old foundations, but, alas! not far enough to lay for them those new foundations—deep, immovable, secure, as real as the soul, as firm as truth, as broad as love, as eternal as God—which are the profoundest need of India and the world.

2. This brings me to the question, May not India's religious regeneration be entrusted to the missions of so-called orthodox Christianity?

Among the questions that I paid most attention to, while travelling up and down India, was that of the condition, results, and prospects of *Christian Missions.* What did I find? The answer is quickly given. Protestantism, after nearly two centuries of missionary effort in that great land,—effort in which nearly every important denomination in the world has earnestly joined,—numbers to-day about 700,000 adherents; and Catholicism, after a career many centuries more extended, with such missionaries in the field as the great St. Francis Xavier, numbers about 1,500,000 adherents. Catholicism seems to be increasing a little faster than Protestantism, but the growth of neither seems to be encouraging. Nothing strikes the student of Indian mission more than the great disproportion between expenditures and results. Nearly everywhere progress is slow, and the number of converts few. The most discouraging thing of all, however, is not this. Rather it is the fact that these missions, in all their forms, are so absolutely powerless to touch thinking and influential minds among either Mohammedans or Hindus, or to help those who are losing their old faith, and who, therefore, so deeply need help. Everywhere in India I was told that the converts made to Christianity, both by the Catholic and the Protestant missions, are almost wholly of the lowest and most ignorant class, and that it is one of the rarest of events for a Hindu or Mohammedan of education or rank, or who has grown sceptical concerning his old faith, to be reached. In those very rare cases where such conversions do occur, great pains is taken to proclaim them far and wide, both in India and in Christian lands; but the very eagerness with which they are seized upon by the missionaries, and heralded, shows the great rareness of such occurrences. The missionaries themselves feel, and feel deeply, this failure of theirs to make converts among the thinking and influential classes of the Hindu people, or to cope with the growing scepticism caused by contact with the thought of the West.

But their failure is not strange. Nothing is easier than an explanation of it. It simply means that the thinking classes in India do not care to exchange one superstition for another, one credulity for another, one spiritual tyranny for another. We must remember that the average orthodox missionary, while a good and sincere man, is a narrow man, who preaches his Orthodoxy, not in those mild and honeyed homœopathic dilutions which are coming to be so popular in many pulpits of enlightened London, Manchester, and Boston, but in the pure form taught him in the theological school, and in the good strong doses which he believes to be necessary to save the heathen. I say this is something that we must not forget,—the kind of Orthodoxy usually preached by the missionaries. Now and then we find a missionary who is theologically broad, but it is very rare. The home churches are afraid to send such. Above all else they want for their missionaries sound men. And sound men means men who believe and preach the old dogmatic

theology which is repulsive to the Hindu mind.

We see the reasons why orthodox Christianity has so little power to reach the intelligent classes in India or to counteract the scepticism which is being produced there by the coming in of Western thought. And it can never get any more power than it has now, unless it grows broader and more rational; and that means, unless it becomes something else than Orthodoxy.

3. We thus see that the power needed for the regeneration of India must be sought from some source not only outside of her railroads, her industrial developments, and her secular education, but outside of the missions of so-called orthodox Christianity. What is that source?

Can it be any other than *that rational, that ethical, that self-evidencing religion of the spirit* which is slowly rising in influence and power in many parts of the world, which is silently gathering into its wide unwalled fold the purest and sincerest souls of every land, which is designated by many religious names, and is often found doing its divine work without a name at all, but which is perhaps best known in the West as Unitarianism, or Liberal Christianity, and in the East as the Brahmo-Somaj?

That this religion is adapted to the wants of India, surely the history of the Brahmo-Somaj abundantly proves. That it is India's hope I do not see how any intelligent and unbiassed investigator can for a moment doubt. It appeals to all classes, not only the simple and unlettered, but the trained and the cultured. It reaches the young men of the colleges and universities. Many of the finest minds of India have given in their adhesion to it. No other religious movement has shown half so much power to save from scepticism in the thinking and inquiring minds of India.

It has the immense advantage of being at once native and foreign, and native even more than foreign. It comes to its own; and its own hear its voice, as they will not hear the voice of the stranger or the orthodox Christian missionary. Helped by many influences from without, in close sympathy with the best, the freest, and the most advanced religious thought of Europe and America, it is yet fresh from the mould of India's brain, warm with India's spiritual blood, throbbing with India's fervent piety. It is the old religion of India at its purest, budding and blossoming and coming to new and nobler fruitage under the influences of Western culture and knowledge.

It is the Christianity of Christ, loosed from its bonds, purified from the corruptions of the ages, and born again on Eastern soil in the simplicity of its great founder.

I have said it is India's hope. Are not the reasons plain? It is her hope, because it meets her deepest, most urgent, and most abiding needs.

This, then, is the religious situation in India, as I see it. And here is the door of opportunity that opens for us as Unitarian Christians in the West, to put forth a helping hand to a people in the East that needs us, and for whom, as I believe, we have responsibility.

Not that we are to become Brahmos. Not that we are to identify our religious movement with that of the Brahmo-Somaj. They are Hindus: we are Christians. By all their traditions, inheritances, experiences, affiliations, they are what they are. By virtue of all the forces, physical, mental, and moral, that are around us, above us, within us, and behind us for thousands of years, we are what we are. Neither of us can become other than what God has intended us to be; nor should we try. But, though our homes are on different sides of the globe, we have discovered a strange spiritual kinship between us. They, by digging down in their soil to the deeper deeps, and we by doing the same in ours, have both come upon the same Fountain of Eternal Love and Life. They have found our Jesus, and loved him. Their gospel is exactly our gospel,—God's fatherhood, man's brotherhood, eternal hope for all.

Why, then, should we not extend fraternal hands to each other? And why should we not co-operate in all ways within our power for the promotion of those great ends which we have in common?

It is no doubt true that in a certain very real sense our Brahmo brethren have a greater responsibility for India than we. And for this reason some may thoughtlessly say, "Let us do nothing: let us leave all to them." But are we at liberty to do nothing? Have we a right to leave all to them? Does not England owe a duty to India

when Dr. Gannett preached a memorial sermon in the forenoon; and in the afternoon the exercises were conducted by nine younger men who had been brought up in the society, and afterward entered the Christian ministry. By an act of the legislature passed in 1862 the corporate name of the society was changed from "The Proprietors of the Meeting-house in Federal Street in the Town of Boston" to "The Proprietors of Arlington Street Church."

With its removal to a new location the threatened decline of the church was arrested, and a new career of usefulness and influence opened. But Dr. Gannett had reached a period of life when he thought that a younger minister could do more for his beloved charge than it was possible for him then to do. Twice—in December, 1868, and at the close of the following year—he tendered his resignation; but in neither instance was it accepted. In deference, however, to this repeated expression of a wish to retire, it was voted that he should be relieved from the active duties and responsibilities of his position, and should be asked to remain as senior minister, with the full salary heretofore voted to him, "in order that the church may continue to enjoy the benediction of his presence, and the members of the society, whose steps he has so long and faithfully guided in the Christian way, may have him among them during the remainder of his earthly life, to encourage, comfort, and inspire them." He persistently refused, however, as he had long done, to receive the full amount of salary which the society had voted to him.

On the 2d of January, 1870, he delivered a sermon appropriate to the changed relations which he was henceforth to bear to the society; but he occasionally preached afterward in his own and other pulpits as opportunity offered. It was while on the way to fulfil an engagement to preach at Lynn that death came to him, Aug. 26, 1871, in a railroad collision at Revere, in his seventy-first year. On the reopening of the church in the following October a commemorative sermon was delivered by Rev. Frederic H. Hedge, D.D.; and by vote of the proprietors a mural tablet to Dr. Gannett's memory was placed on the wall of the church, which records with gratitude his services to this church, to the denomination, and to the community. Nothing need be added here to what is there said.

Dr. Gannett's successor was Rev. John F. W. Ware, who was born in Boston, Aug. 31, 1818, installed over this society Nov. 3, 1872, and died at Milton, Feb. 26, 1881. Previously to his settlement in Boston he had been a minister at Fall River, Cambridgeport, and Baltimore, Md. Descended from an honored ancestry, he brought to his work here powers of no ordinary character and a large experience. During the Civil War his tracts for the soldiers, in whose spiritual needs he felt a special interest, had a wide circulation. He was the author of several other publications, which enjoyed much popularity; and at one time he was a frequent contributor to the religious periodicals. His preaching was direct, practical, and forceful; and he dwelt much on Christian manliness and its kindred virtues. But the later years of his ministry were clouded by ill-health; and during his last months he was a severe sufferer from an organic disease of the heart, which prevented him from preaching or discharging any of the active duties of a pastor.

The pulpit remained vacant for about a year after Mr. Ware's death; but in the spring of 1882 Rev. Brooke Herford, then of Chicago, was invited to become the minister. The invitation was accepted, and he entered on his new duties on the 1st of October. Mr. Herford was born in England, where he had a successful ministry for several years, and came to this country not long after the great fire in Chicago. His preaching there attracted much notice, and he was settled over the Church of the Messiah in that city in 1876. His sermons were characterized by great freshness of thought, and he had a very attractive personality. His call to the Arlington Street Church was a fortunate circumstance for the society, which greatly increased in numbers under his ministry. The regular afternoon service had been given up many years before; but the church was now reopened in the afternoon for a special service, at which all the seats were free. This service was largely attended, and it is still continued with gratifying results. In the latter part of 1891 Mr., then Dr., Herford received urgent solicitations to return to England, which he did

in the winter of 1892, his last sermon as minister of the Arlington Street Church having been preached January 17.

Shortly after the resignation of Dr. Herford Rev. John Cuckson of Springfield, who was also born in England, was invited to the vacant pulpit, and was installed according to the customary usages of New England, April 11, 1892.

The political and social changes, and the intellectual emancipation from outgrown theories and traditions, which have characterized the progress of the community in the last one hundred and fifty years have been well symbolized in the history of this church. Throwing off the Presbyterian form of church government when the colonies had achieved their independence and were struggling to become a nation, and afterward heartily joining in the Liberal Movement in religion, it has always kept in harmony with the spirit of the age, while reverently cherishing what was best in the past.

REALITIES.

Were life a dream, ah! who but would prepare
Some fragrant drug to soothe the fancied pain,
And all the beauteous, phantom loves detain
A little longer on the cheated air?
But since the things we suffer, do, and dare,
In sacred order pass, and since a chain
Of solid yesterdays, for bliss or bane,
Fetters to-day, so must we strive or bear
With what life brings us, knowing none can shirk,
By trick or subterfuge or wizard spell,
One fragment of his soul's appointed work,
But instantly his dreams begin to pale,
And forthwith o'er his foolish thoughts prevail
The inexorable facts of Heaven and Hell.

THEODORE C. WILLIAMS.

FRIENDSHIP.

It has been said that once in old Rome, so great and fond was the intimacy between Tiberius Cæsar and Elius Sejanus, they were reckoned "a pair of friends." The emperor raised the knight to an equality with himself, had every bosom secret in common with him, and was inseparable from him.

In recognition of their excelling attachment the Senate by a unanimous decree dedicated an altar to "Friendship," personified as a goddess; and, while that altar remained, amid the immense array of shrines that decked and hallowed the floor of the Pantheon, we may believe that sincerer prayers were nowhere else breathed, purer libations nowhere else poured out, choicer garlands nowhere else hung, than at that shrine.

Two thousand years have passed, and that guarded altar, revered and loved by many a heart, the witness of so many smiles, so many tears, of happy and unhappy votaries, has mouldered into dust ages since. Not a vestige remains.

Pausing here for a moment, let us consider if this should be the end of such a noble tribute to what we all hold so dear, or, rather, should we not, taking a brief respite from the toils and cares and hurry and worry which make up so much of our lives, build for ourselves another altar to the beautiful goddess (the personification of the still lovelier virtue), round which we, too, may gather, to render our tribute to the beneficent Being who scatters along the ages so much real happiness, under the form of true friendship,—a form whose presence with them is always a benediction to earth's tried and often weary children? For realize it we must, however much at times in the turmoil of life the knowledge may be ignored or obscured: it is this same virtue, or grace, or goddess, of friendship, which lightens our burdens, shares our cares, broadens our characters, and brightens, and sometimes even lengthens, our days. What subject is better fitted, then, than this for our consideration?

It is holy, it belongs to every man, woman, and child in what should interest them most.

The instances in which friendship between men rises to a controlling motive power seem few, as we look around us in this century.

The English-speaking nations are, in the mass, an undemonstrative people. The understanding, the intellect, is exhibited; the heart, the affections, concealed. Hard, cast-iron common sense lords it over modest sentiment. Morality, with its iron gauntlet, thrusts all the graces aside. Business and gossip are garrulous, drowning the sweet voices of friendship and poetry.

Yet what enchanted friendships float before us in the golden vista of the past! See its rudiments appearing in the book of Samuel, where the son of Saul puts his own clothing on the son of Jesse. But its perfection is seen in the knightly orders of the mediæval times. Two knights, plighting their mutual faith, exchanged armor and watchwords, and henceforth were each to the other as his own soul. They were stimulated by each other's presence to superhuman strength and valor. In each other's service the face of danger grew lovely, impossibilities were sport. They stormed up bristling parapets, broke through forests of lances, and after the fight were found side by side in the van of victory or clasped in one another's arms where the dead lay thickest.

"For Lancelot loved Arthur more than fame,
And Arthur more than life loved Lancelot."

The ancients valued friendship, and thought more of its lofty privileges than we do to-day.

The sentiment which Crito expressed to Socrates after offering him his fortune, "What character can be more disgraceful than this, to value one's riches more than one's friends?" would be of a tenor too lofty for the business man or society woman of New York or London of to-day to comprehend.

The Hebrews had their David and Jonathan. "And it came to pass that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David; and he made a covenant with him, because he loved him as his own soul."

Again, the famous friendships of antiquity, that of Achilles and Patroclus. Friends in life, in death their ashes were mingled, and, after passing the limits of the earth, were seen, as the legend goes, "by Ulysses walking, in close friendship still, over the fields of Elysium."

The view of Socrates upon this subject, as preserved for us by Plato, is "that, while some valued fine horses, dogs, wealth, or honors most, he prized an intimate friend higher than all the gold of the Persian treasury, more even than the monarch's throne itself."

Aristotle has written two entire books, besides several passages in his other works, on this subject; and Plutarch, Virgil, Cicero, all offer the heartfelt tribute of their genius on the shrine of our goddess.

In later times the judgment of Lord Bacon as to the uses of friendship is that it is "peace in the affections, support in the judgment, and to bear a part in all the actions and occasions of life."

The last of Bacon's points, that of friends as helpers on all occasions, does not bring itself home to us, or have its full weight, until we learn that hard, and often late lesson, that man is not equal to life alone, that there is more to do than he can do without the strength or judgment of another.

It is an old saying, "that a friend is another self." "If," says Munger, "as a mere matter of strength and resource, I were to face life with the choice of either a fortune or friends, I should be wiser to choose the latter as the more useful."

Emerson's splendid essay on this theme sparkles with costly jewels on every page. "Delicious," he says, "is a just and firm encounter of two, in a thought, in a feeling." Again, "Every man passes his life in the search after friendship"; and, again, "Friendship, like the immortality of the soul, is too good to be believed." He also says, "In spite of all the selfishness which chills the world like east winds, the whole human family is bathed with an element of love, like a fine ether."

Happy is he who has friends. He has fortresses to flee into when his own are dismantled by evil fortune. In difficulty he does not turn in vain to the cold world for counsel, in danger he wears a shield, in sadness has a comforter, and in joy another heart to throb with his.

One of the costliest offerings ever laid on the shrine of friendship is that placed by the late English laureate on the newly made grave of Arthur Hallam. It has been said that the "In Memoriam" will read in a "thousand years from now as though it had been written in star fire and immortal tears."

And in the "Le Lac" of the French poet Lamartine we have running through its exquisite descriptions of nature a most tenderly beautiful yet melancholy and plaintive strain of grief for a lost friend.

All nations, all ages, are represented by their tributes to friendship; and yet friend-

ship of itself is of such delicate texture that it is difficult to name rules for it. It is its own law and method. So ethereal a thing cannot be brought under choice or rule. It is, in one sense, a matter of destiny. If one is born to have friends (that is to say, with the disposition to win them), he will have them. Emerson says, "One need not seek for friends: they come of themselves." But Solomon goes deeper, and says "that a man who has friends must show himself friendly."

Let any one offer to the world a large, true, generous, sympathetic nature, and, rich or poor, he will have friends. Shakspere, in addition to a hundred graphic touches scattered up and down throughout his plays, has drawn two memorable pictures of friendship,—the intimacy between Hamlet and Horatio and that between Helena and Hermia. Polonius, in "Hamlet," advises his son: —

"The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel."

Of course, in all I have said on this subject, I have had in mind only the friendship which is a real and abiding fact,—an entity, as it were, not that ephemeral, ghostly thing which sometimes goes by the name, and which comes and goes with fortune, even if it were permissible to call such a mock virtue by such a hallowed name. Alluding to this form of friendship, Monckton Milnes has a poem in his work called "Poems of Many Years," of which I will quote a stanza. It is addressed "To a Fair-weather Friend" (apparently a frivolous and feather-headed man, who cannot sympathize with the serious moods of a gifted nature). The stanza begins: —

"See, I am careful to attune
My spirit's voice to thine.
My talk shall be of mirth alone,
Of music, flowers, and wine.
I will not breathe an earnest breath,
I will not think of life or death,
I will not dream of any end,
While thou art here, fair-weather friend!"

This matter of friendship is often regarded nowadays slightingly, as a mere accessory of life, a happy chance, if one falls upon it, but not as entering into life's real substance and tissue and web. No mistake could be greater. It is not, as Emerson says, "a thing of glass threads or fretwork, but the solidest thing we know."

However it may be neglected in public, there is nothing so generally admired and coveted in secret as a disinterested friendship; and yet this valuable ingredient of life, this exquisite gift of nature, is not reserved exclusively for a few. Its privileges are free to all who are worthy of them.

It knits the poor together, and lightens their labors. It outshines mirrors and jewels in the halls of the rich and proud; and, annihilating all felicitous distinctions, it makes the prince and peasant one.

It perfumes life, consecrates field, shop, and street, and makes the "mill round of our fate a sun path through its worth." And, further, while friendship is valuable for its offices, let us never forget that it is invaluable for itself. It is the choicest exercise of our best powers; for, after all is said, "a friend is the masterpiece of nature," and enjoyment of a friend the chief ingredient in the purest happiness this world can offer.

Friendship inspires those who are possessed of it. It is a perpetual fire, kindling kind thoughts and noble deeds. To increase our friend's affection for us, we strive to heighten our merits and multiply our virtues; and, in so doing, our characters are developed and glorified.

Friendship, then, is of endless use and joy in our lives; for, as some one has said in criticism of Zimmermann, "Even in those peculiar seasons when solitude is sweet, still let me have a friend to whom I may say, 'Solitude is sweet.'"

BLANCHE P. BAGLEY.

"THE SAME YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOREVER."

In the silence of the soul
Speaks the Father as of old.
On the mountain heights of thought
Still his messages are caught.
Walking silent by the sea,
Christ can yet teach you and me.
In the fields of waving corn,
Precious truths to-day are born.
Hungry souls can now be fed,
God will give us each our bread.

CARRIE M. HAWLEY.

THE RELIGIOUS SITUATION IN INDIA.*

BY REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

The people of India number about 287,000,000. If we divide these according to their religions, we shall find them standing approximately as follows: Hindus, 208,000,000; Mohammedans, 57,000,000; all others together, 23,000,000; in other words, more than nine-tenths of the population of India are either Hindus or Mohammedans. Thus we see that the adherents of these two forms of faith so far outnumber all the rest that for practical purposes we may say that theirs are the two religions of India.

First in importance stands *Hinduism.* This is the old historic religion of the land. If we would look for its beginning, we must go back to a thousand years beyond the Christian era; and even then we shall not find it. When it first emerges from the dawn, and appears upon the historic stage, it is the remarkable religion of a great and proud race. It early created for that race a great literature. The oldest religion of the world, its career has been as remarkable as it has been extended. It has fought great battles, it has overcome great rivals, it has survived dangers that threatened its life, it has passed through great transformations, alas! it has suffered great corruptions; but through all it has preserved a vigor and vitality that are nothing less than an amazement to the student of its long history. No religion is more venerable or imposing. At the same time none is more subtle, none is more pervasive of the whole life, or more deeply ingrained into the very intellectual and spiritual blood and fibre of its adherents. No religion ever adapted itself more completely to every class and condition of men,—not, however, that it may elevate all, but that it may get and hold all within its power.

The sacred scriptures of a religion are likely to be a pretty just measure of the religion itself. As comprised within the wide limits of the sacred scriptures of Hinduism, we must reckon, not only the Vedas, with their high poetical nature-worship, and the Upanishads, with their profound religious philosophy and noble theism, but the great popular epics and the later Puranas and Tantras; and this means that its teachings range all the way from the highest wisdom and the loftiest spirituality down to the wildest vagaries, the most tyrannical ritualism, and the crudest and most debasing superstitions. With such scriptures—so good and so bad, so lofty and so low, so wise and so puerile—we cannot wonder that Hinduism is a net that sweeps in everything. No religion is so many-sided, none is so elastic, none is so contradictory. It is a market that offers food for all appetites, as well the vitiated and depraved as the healthy and the sound. It is a singer that sings for all tastes, the purest and the vilest alike. It cares little to elevate men, but much to subjugate and hold them. No religion ever more systematically or persistently made ignorance, superstition, and fear the instruments of its mastery. The great central evils of Hinduism, inherent in the very system, are three.

1. The first is *Caste.* Caste means the ignorance of all men except the Brahmins, or priest-class. It means the subserviency and obedience of all other classes to the priests. The Brahmin, or priest, holds the keys of life and death, of this world and of the next. He does not want the people educated, for then his power over them will be less. His thought is to rule, not to serve; to be ministered unto, not to minister. By means of the caste system he is able to hold the people every day and every hour of their lives under a yoke of intellectual and spiritual bondage, the severity of which we of the Western world can scarcely conceive.

2. The second inherent evil of Hinduism lies in *the degradation of its women.* Think of a religious system that deprives woman of education, even to the extent of reading and writing; that shuts her up within certain narrow apartments of her home, as in a prison, allowing her no contact with men except in her own family, and none with the great world outside; that compels the betrothal of babes and the marriage of little half-grown girls; and that makes girls mothers at eleven or twelve, thus mercilessly robbing them of their childhood and making them old before their time; and then,

* An extract from address before the British and Foreign Unitarian Association in London, England, May 26.

if they have the misfortune to become widows (and many do become widows while yet only mere children), condemns them to lives of privation, hardship, neglect, and contumely, beside which the condition of the galley slave or the prisoner in the chain-gang is enviable.

Nor does this degradation of woman stop with her: it reacts upon man. The home suffers, her children suffer, society suffers, every interest connected with her life suffers. Compelled to bear children and assume the duties of maternity when she is so immature, how can her children fail to be puny and weak? The people of India inquire, "Why are not our men as large of stature and physically as strong as the Europeans?" The wisest students of the matter tell us that a large part of the explanation lies here. A race of strong men cannot spring from immature child-mothers. Thus does Hinduism, by the degradation of its women, lay the foundation for the physical decay of its whole people. But not physical alone. All other forms of decay follow. What kind of training can a twelve-year-old mother, who has always been kept in ignorance, give to her children? What kind of a companion can she be to her husband? What kind of a place can she fill in society? What development can her own moral or spiritual life be expected to reach? What can she be expected to do for philanthropies, charities, religion,—those movements for the moral regeneration of the world upon which the hope of the future so largely depends, and which in Western lands are receiving from our educated and queenly women such splendid support? No: the degradation of woman means degradation and decay everywhere. In consenting to such degradation, India fosters a cancer within her breast that is destroying her life. There is no hope for her except in its removal.

3. The third evil of the Hindu religion is its debasing *Idolatry*. Idolatry is of many grades and classes. Some forms are much worse than others. Its intellectual and moral influence upon the worshipper, of course, depends largely upon the nature of the idols worshipped. If the idols are themselves beautiful, and symbolize to their worshippers powers of beneficence and justice, or supposed divine beings whose characters are pure and noble, then the idol loses much of its power to harm the one who employs it. But, if the idols are ugly and symbolize powers of cruelty, or represent supposed divine beings whose characters are base and unworthy, then the idolatry drags down the worshipper, and inflicts upon him serious intellectual and moral injury. In ancient Greece the gods were generally portrayed as at least physically beautiful. In India they are generally physically ugly,—beings with distorted countenances, or with many heads, many arms, many legs, combinations of men and lower animals, and the like. Hinduism numbers its gods by the million. All the powers of nature, all the passions of man, are deified and worshipped. There is nothing so high, there is nothing so low, nothing so pure, nothing so impure, nothing so elevating, nothing so degrading, that it does not find a place in the Hindu pantheon. In great Benares, the most sacred city of Hinduism, there is no more popular worship than that of the goddess Durga, or Kalea, with her necklace of human skulls, her countenance of inexpressible horror, and her tongue red with blood. One wide-spread form of Hinduism is Saktism, or the worship of force personified as a goddess. It is impossible to conceive of teachings more vile or practices more debasing than are common in connection with this form of worship. There are hundreds and thousands of religious temples in India, some of them among the richest and most influential to be found in the land, a part of whose regular equipment is a band of prostitutes. To the Hindu people cobras and other poisonous snakes are sacred: every kind of loathsome reptile is bowed before as a god. Of course, all this is only one side of Hindu worship; but it is the side most closely connected with idolatry, and fostered by it. If Hinduism has a side of purity and beauty, it is in spite of its idolatry. The influence of its idolatry everywhere is intellectually to fetter, spiritually to deaden, morally to degrade.

Turning now from Hinduism to *Mohammedanism*, what do we find? We discover a condition of things as regards religion in many important respects changed, and yet, in other respects not less important hardly changed at all, from that which I have just described in connection with Hinduism.

We should remember that India contains the largest Mohammedan population of any country in the world. These Mohammedans came to India as conquerors. For centuries they ruled there as conquerors. They are a proud people, who cannot easily forget their past. They do not readily yield to external influences. They believe intensely in their own religion, and do not doubt that it will some time conquer the world. Their religion has certain affinities with Christianity, especially with Unitarianism. It teaches reverence for the Bible, for many of the Old Testament characters, and especially for Jesus. It is strictly monotheistic, rejecting the doctrine of the Trinity, and regarding Jesus as a great prophet and a man, not as a deity. The evils of Mohammedanism are primarily two.

First, its rigidity, its stereotyped character, its unprogressiveness, and, therefore, its materialism and unspirituality. Mohammedanism in India, as everywhere else, has its face turned to the past. It is hard and fixed. It has no wings. It is so wholly a religion of the letter that it cannot be a religion of the spirit, or of ideals. It measures and tests everything by the Koran, finding there its standard, not only of religion and ethics, but also of law, literature, government, diplomacy, all life. Hence, of course, it cannot progress, cannot find new fountains of inspiration, cannot appreciate the higher side of life, cannot keep abreast of a new age. It can remember: it cannot create. It holds on to what has been, but is blind and dead to what ought to be, must be, shall be.

It is what Christianity would be if Christendom really believed, as it so largely professes, the literal and absolute infallibility of the Bible, and thus really made a book of the far past the standard and measure of our modern thought and civilization. With us our profession is little more than a profession. While we retain it in our creeds, we take care to keep for our actual lives that liberty to think, to accept new truth, to revise our standards, upon which all progress of men and nations, and all genuine intellectual, moral, and spiritual life for the world depend. But with the Mohammedan it is not so. His acceptance of the infallibility of his sacred book is real: hence the fettering and blighting influence of it upon him is also real. It makes Mohammedan civilizations dead civilizations. It keeps Mohammedan peoples outside the great currents of the world's advance. It means to all with whom it has to do spiritual stagnation and decay.

The second evil of Mohammedanism is the degradation of woman,—a degradation quite as great and terrible as that which we found in Hinduism. The wide-reaching significance of such debasement I have already sufficiently pointed out. Hence I need not consider it again any further than to note how doubly serious a matter it is that both the great religions of India should unite in fostering this degradation, in nursing this cancer in the bosom of Indian life and civilization. Such, then, very briefly and imperfectly portrayed is the religious situation in India to-day as I see it, so far as her own leading religions are concerned.

This great and remarkable land, one of the earliest in the world to rise to civilization and enlightenment, having a past containing much that is glorious, eager to-day for education, possessed of a not insignificant modern literature and the creator of an ancient literature larger than the combined preserved literary treasures of both Greece and Rome, and in many respects as rich,—this India that ought to-day to be the glorious leader of thought and enlightenment and progress in the Eastern world, so far as religion is concerned, lies prostrate and in bonds to an extent that we in the West can scarcely understand. As we have seen, her two great historical religious systems overshadow literally her whole life. She is dominated by them. She is bound hand and foot by them. There is good in both these religions, and there would be hope for her if only she were free to accept the good and reject the evil. But she is not. Her religions are her master: she is their slave. They chain her to the ground, and will not let her rise. They chain her to the past,—not to her great past, the past of her glorious earlier ages when she was spiritually free, not that past when she created her great literature, and was in culture the peer of any land in the West, but to her later mediæval past of darkness, of fear, of ignorance, of superstition, of slavery, —of slavery not only to political tyrants, but, worse still, to supposed infallible books,

and to an ignorant, selfish, corrupt, and tyrannical priesthood which has lived by her prostration and fattened on her spiritual blood.

At last she hears, at least faintly, the call of a new age sounding in her ears, bidding her rise and go forward to a larger life and a new and nobler destiny. But, alas! how can she? Her great religions, whose chains are about her neck, about her limbs, her whole body, her whole soul, bind her to her past degradation and slavery, and will not let her move. *Whence is to come the power that is to break her chains?* If deliverance and new life are to come to her, it is plain that she must have help, and help from outside herself. From what direction is it to appear? Who will lend her the hand of aid which she so sorely needs?

There are those who believe that the seeds of India's regeneration are already planted in her soil, and that all that is now needed is to let them grow and come to fruitage. What is it claimed that these seeds are? Several different varieties are mentioned.

As, perhaps, most important, at least as most relied on by certain classes of observers, I may refer to three; namely, first, those political, educational, and industrial forces which are being introduced into India through her contact with Western civilization, and especially through the occupancy of her land by the British government; second, Christian missions,—I mean the missions of so-called orthodox Christianity, for, as I have already said, there is hardly one of the denominations claiming the orthodox name that has not established missionary operations in this great and interesting land; third, that native religious movement of India in which we as Unitarians are so much interested, the Brahmo-Somaj. To what degree may we rely, for the moral and spiritual regeneration of India, upon any or all of these agencies? And is the reliance to be placed upon them of such a nature as to relieve us?

Let us briefly look at each of these.

1. As to the influence of *the contact of the Western world* upon India through commerce, and the occupancy of India by Great Britain, there can be no question that it is very great. India already possesses one of the most extensive and best organized railway systems in the world. The same is true of its telegraph and postal systems. The whole land being under British government means that there is no part in which the people do not come into more or less contact with English magistrates and courts of justice, English civil servants of one kind and another, and English business men. Moreover, ever since the British have been in power, they have done more or less to establish schools and to promote education,—much less than it seems to some of us they ought to have done, and yet enough so that the educational institutions of all grades, from the primary school up to the university, that are found in the land, form one of the important factors to be taken into consideration in studying the India of to-day. Finally, and perhaps most important of all, the English language is coming into use in all parts of India with a rapidity that is astonishing. The government tongue is English, the courts use English, the most influential and widely circulated newspapers are, many of them, printed in English. English books and periodicals are kept on sale at all the more important railway stations. The language of travel and the language of commerce is more coming to be English.

Now, it is easy to see that all these facts have a profound significance. It is impossible but that contact with the civilization of the West through all these channels should have an influence upon Hindu thought, and sooner or later upon Hindu religion. True, such influence is much more slow to operate in the East than in the West; yet it is silently working,—working in all the cities and larger towns, working in a thousand unnoticed places, especially working among the young, and in all the colleges and schools, —and it will go on working. Nothing can stop it. And it will have its effect,—first in other matters, but at last, sooner or later, in religion, too. Indeed, that effect is beginning already to appear. What is the effect? The answer that has to be given reveals the weakness of the position of those who rely upon such agencies, to more than a limited extent, for the regeneration of religion. The effect of all this contact of India with Western thought and life, and the intellectual ferment that it creates, so far as it touches religious beliefs at all, is seldom

other than to bewilder, to stun, to create doubt, uncertainty, apprehension, fear,—well if it do not end in permanent scepticism and despair. Nor is this strange. It is only the result that follows from like causes everywhere,—on the European continent, in America, in England. The disturbance of the old religious faith is always and everywhere a serious matter, unless it be accompanied by agencies looking to the establishing of a better new. But railways and telegraphs and commerce cannot give men a new religious faith. Even schools and colleges of themselves are helpless to do it. And so what do we see in India to-day, among her educated men, among the young men of her colleges, among those generally who have been affected most by Western influences? Just what I have said, —almost universal religious bewilderment, and in the case of multitudes a deep and awful suspicion, not only that the old religion, but that all religion, is a superstition and a delusion. Their enlightenment has gone far enough to overturn the old foundations, but, alas! not far enough to lay for them those new foundations—deep, immovable, secure, as real as the soul, as firm as truth, as broad as love, as eternal as God—which are the profoundest need of India and the world.

2. This brings me to the question, May not India's religious regeneration be entrusted to the missions of so-called orthodox Christianity?

Among the questions that I paid most attention to, while travelling up and down India, was that of the condition, results, and prospects of *Christian Missions.* What did I find? The answer is quickly given. Protestantism, after nearly two centuries of missionary effort in that great land,—effort in which nearly every important denomination in the world has earnestly joined,—numbers to-day about 700,000 adherents; and Catholicism, after a career many centuries more extended, with such missionaries in the field as the great St. Francis Xavier, numbers about 1,500,000 adherents. Catholicism seems to be increasing a little faster than Protestantism, but the growth of neither seems to be encouraging. Nothing strikes the student of Indian mission more than the great disproportion between expenditures and results. Nearly everywhere progress is slow, and the number of converts few. The most discouraging thing of all, however, is not this. Rather it is the fact that these missions, in all their forms, are so absolutely powerless to touch thinking and influential minds among either Mohammedans or Hindus, or to help those who are losing their old faith, and who, therefore, so deeply need help. Everywhere in India I was told that the converts made to Christianity, both by the Catholic and the Protestant missions, are almost wholly of the lowest and most ignorant class, and that it is one of the rarest of events for a Hindu or Mohammedan of education or rank, or who has grown sceptical concerning his old faith, to be reached. In those very rare cases where such conversions do occur, great pains is taken to proclaim them far and wide, both in India and in Christian lands; but the very eagerness with which they are seized upon by the missionaries, and heralded, shows the great rareness of such occurrences. The missionaries themselves feel, and feel deeply, this failure of theirs to make converts among the thinking and influential classes of the Hindu people, or to cope with the growing scepticism caused by contact with the thought of the West.

But their failure is not strange. Nothing is easier than an explanation of it. It simply means that the thinking classes in India do not care to exchange one superstition for another, one credulity for another, one spiritual tyranny for another. We must remember that the average orthodox missionary, while a good and sincere man, is a narrow man, who preaches his Orthodoxy, not in those mild and honeyed homœopathic dilutions which are coming to be so popular in many pulpits of enlightened London, Manchester, and Boston, but in the pure form taught him in the theological school, and in the good strong doses which he believes to be necessary to save the heathen. I say this is something that we must not forget,—the kind of Orthodoxy usually preached by the missionaries. Now and then we find a missionary who is theologically broad, but it is very rare. The home churches are afraid to send such. Above all else they want for their missionaries sound men. And sound men means men who believe and preach the old dogmatic

theology which is repulsive to the Hindu mind.

We see the reasons why orthodox Christianity has so little power to reach the intelligent classes in India or to counteract the scepticism which is being produced there by the coming in of Western thought. And it can never get any more power than it has now, unless it grows broader and more rational; and that means, unless it becomes something else than Orthodoxy.

3. We thus see that the power needed for the regeneration of India must be sought from some source not only outside of her railroads, her industrial developments, and her secular education, but outside of the missions of so-called orthodox Christianity. What is that source?

Can it be any other than *that rational, that ethical, that self-evidencing religion of the spirit* which is slowly rising in influence and power in many parts of the world, which is silently gathering into its wide unwalled fold the purest and sincerest souls of every land, which is designated by many religious names, and is often found doing its divine work without a name at all, but which is perhaps best known in the West as Unitarianism, or Liberal Christianity, and in the East as the Brahmo-Somaj?

That this religion is adapted to the wants of India, surely the history of the Brahmo-Somaj abundantly proves. That it is India's hope I do not see how any intelligent and unbiassed investigator can for a moment doubt. It appeals to all classes, not only the simple and unlettered, but the trained and the cultured. It reaches the young men of the colleges and universities. Many of the finest minds of India have given in their adhesion to it. No other religious movement has shown half so much power to save from scepticism in the thinking and inquiring minds of India.

It has the immense advantage of being at once native and foreign, and native even more than foreign. It comes to its own; and its own hear its voice, as they will not hear the voice of the stranger or the orthodox Christian missionary. Helped by many influences from without, in close sympathy with the best, the freest, and the most advanced religious thought of Europe and America, it is yet fresh from the mould of India's brain, warm with India's spiritual blood, throbbing with India's fervent piety. It is the old religion of India at its purest, budding and blossoming and coming to new and nobler fruitage under the influences of Western culture and knowledge.

It is the Christianity of Christ, loosed from its bonds, purified from the corruptions of the ages, and born again on Eastern soil in the simplicity of its great founder.

I have said it is India's hope. Are not the reasons plain? It is her hope, because it meets her deepest, most urgent, and most abiding needs.

This, then, is the religious situation in India, as I see it. And here is the door of opportunity that opens for us as Unitarian Christians in the West, to put forth a helping hand to a people in the East that needs us, and for whom, as I believe, we have responsibility.

Not that we are to become Brahmos. Not that we are to identify our religious movement with that of the Brahmo-Somaj. They are Hindus: we are Christians. By all their traditions, inheritances, experiences, affiliations, they are what they are. By virtue of all the forces, physical, mental, and moral, that are around us, above us, within us, and behind us for thousands of years, we are what we are. Neither of us can become other than what God has intended us to be; nor should we try. But, though our homes are on different sides of the globe, we have discovered a strange spiritual kinship between us. They, by digging down in their soil to the deeper deeps, and we by doing the same in ours, have both come upon the same Fountain of Eternal Love and Life. They have found our Jesus, and loved him. Their gospel is exactly our gospel,—God's fatherhood, man's brotherhood, eternal hope for all.

Why, then, should we not extend fraternal hands to each other? And why should we not co-operate in all ways within our power for the promotion of those great ends which we have in common?

It is no doubt true that in a certain very real sense our Brahmo brethren have a greater responsibility for India than we. And for this reason some may thoughtlessly say, "Let us do nothing: let us leave all to them." But are we at liberty to do nothing? Have we a right to leave all to them? Does not England owe a duty to India

which she cannot roll upon any other shoulders? England is primarily responsible for shaking India's old faith. Does not that mean that she is responsible to give her a better?

ROBERT BURNS.*

The years go by, a century ends,
His native fame new beauty earns.
Like golden stars we count his friends.
The years go by, a century ends,
While all the world heart-greeting sends,
To strew with flowers the grave of Burns.
The years go by, a century ends,
His native fame new beauty earns.

Could he have seen, adown the years,
His pathway blossoming with flowers,
All brightened by his dewdrop tears,—
Could he have seen, adown the years,
The tenderness his poesy wears,
It would have sweetened bitter hours,
Could he have seen, adown the years,
His pathway blossoming with flowers.

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

USE YOUR EYES.

Just one hundred years ago an artist and engraver walked the streets of Munich supperless, breakfastless, and too poor to buy the metal plates on which to reproduce the work of his pencil. He paused a moment on the threshold of his dwelling. It was early autumn, and there had been a storm over night. The morning sun glittered upon the yet undried puddles in the street, and the leaves shorn from the old lindens were scattered upon the sidewalks. One large leaf lay upon the stone step at the artist's feet. Mechanically, he stooped and picked it up. Where it had reposed he beheld its perfect outline, with every rib and vein, drawn upon the smooth surface of the stone in the rain-dissolved dust.

For a moment he stood twirling the leaf in his fingers, studying the impression on the stone with eyes in which the light of a new hope glowed and deepened. Then he turned about, and hurriedly re-entered the house. He had conceived an idea. It was simply to use smooth slabs of cheap stone similar to the doorstep, in place of the costly metal plates. Thus was born the art of lithography, by which process all our finest color printing is done. Thousands of persons before this day had seen leaf impressions on wet pavements, and many had admired their beauty; but he was the first with powers of observation sufficiently trained to make use of the discovery.

A workman one day set a basin of water, the interior of which was covered with plaster of Paris, upon a red-hot stove. His purpose was to warm the water with which he wished to wash his hands; but, when he lifted the vessel from the fiery stove, he found its contents almost as cold as when placed there. The majority of persons would have been satisfied with an exclamation, "How odd!" but this man was an observer. He perceived that the plaster of Paris was so perfect a non-conductor of heat that it preserved the water's temperature against the effects of the glowing stove; and he at once applied his observation in the construction of fireproof safes. Hitherto the safe made of iron, lined with wood, became, in a conflagration, as hot within as without; and the contents were always scorched and often burned to a crisp.

Anthony Trollope, the novelist, was for many years a post-office official; and his efficiency was largely due to his trained habit of observation. He once visited the office of a certain postmaster in Ireland, formed an unfavorable opinion of the man, and observed him, in the course of the interview, carefully lock a large desk in the office. Two days afterward there came from headquarters an urgent inquiry about a lost letter, the contents of which were of considerable value. It was late in the night; but Trollope hired a horse, and, riding hard, knocked up the postmaster whom he had interviewed a few days before. He walked straight into the office, and said, "Open that desk." The key, he was told, was lost. With one kick he smashed the desk, and there found the stolen letter.

When President Washington visited Harvard College, he was observed to "fix his eye" upon a framed drawing on the museum wall. It was a copy of the Dighton inscription, hitherto supposed by historical students to be the work of the ancient Phœnicians, and to establish the fact of early voyages by that people to America. Wash-

* Robert Burns died July 21, 1796.

ington smiled at the information thus given him, and said he believed that the learned gentlemen were mistaken. His early life had taken him much into the wilderness, and given him the opportunity to become acquainted with the customs of the Indians. He had often seen them strip off the inner bark of a tree, and on the smooth surface leave some record of their rude inscriptions, and could not fail to notice the resemblance of the characters to these copied from the rock. The President's accuracy of observation thus first suggested what has since been abundantly proved.

Prof. Palmer once told a class of young ladies that, in order to make their future life interesting, the first rule was not to look only, but to observe; to put themselves into their situation, and understand it on all sides. "Observe, observe in every direction," he urged, "keep your eyes open. Go forward, understanding that the world was made for your knowledge, that you are to enter in and possess it."—*L. E. Keeler, in Congregationalist.*

KNOWLEDGE THAT TRUSTETH.

"They that know thy name will put their trust in thee; for thou, Lord, hath not forsaken them that seek thee."—PSALM ix. 10.

God's name when I know it
  Makes trusting him light
As down when winds blow it.
  His name when I know it
Makes faith a delight,
  And faithfulness show it.
Love! Love! is that name.
  'Tis my love doth bestow it,—
Name of perfect delight
  When my heart's fervors glow it!
His love, my life's flame,
  Burning tender and bright,
Makes trusting him light
  As down when winds blow it.

Master in love and in life, thy name to us is Father!

Thou who art always with us, thought within our thinking, love within our loving, life within our living, being within our being, art our refuge from every storm of this world. Hiding in thee, we have the quiet of peace when the storm beats. When the storms are over, out of our hidings in thee we come forth, renewed as little children when they awaken out of sleep. Thou art unto us the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. In the wasting ways of this world's deserts thou art a spring of pure water for our thirst, and bread thou art for our hunger. From the dreariness of ourselves thou, O gracious, friendly One, art a refuge of refreshing, all things thrilling into a new interest, love and life transfigured.

Thou art holiness! Trusting in thee, that holiness dawns upon our own hearts with its newer, diviner day. Thou art life! Trusting in thee, fulness of life is ours as when the trees are full of saps to blow into blossoms and deepen into fruits. Thou art the truth! Trusting in thee, that truth clears in our vision, enters our hearts with its light. Thou art love! Trusting in thee, our hearts grow gentle as the summer winds which birds glorify with themselves and their songs. Thou art goodness! Trusting in thee, our hearts gentle into every kindness as the autumn mellows into the fruits. Thou art unselfishness! Trusting in thee, we grow like thee, the joy of our being in thinking and doing for others. Ever the trust we repose in thee fulfils itself in the truth of experience. Thou art a lover who keepeth every tryst thou makest with a human heart.

Thou art the one everlasting Being! In thee life laughs and sings, and, missing its fulness, weeps and moans, but only to again break forth in joy as the face of a child for a little while in the shadow of grief and tears. Because thou art, each living thing is at the tasks of its being with joy inexpressible and full of glory. From thy joy birds take their flight, and cannot help but sing. From thy beauty flowers take their loveliness, and cannot help but blossom. From thy light stars take their brightness, and cannot help but shine. From thy love the sun takes its burnings, and cannot help but be this glory of every growing thing. In the bosom of thy goodness the earth lies, and cannot but grow generous in its autumns. The hills laugh, and the outgoings of their joy sing in the rills and flash in the streams; for in thy joyous strength they abide.

When so we know thee, whom nature manifests, not by the hearing of what words others have said, but by the experience of our own living, our central heart witnessing to thee as all thy earth becomes joy and beauty in us, we sing our psalms of praise,

we utter our hymns of trust. When we feel thee as our very life, when we know thee as the sacredness of everything that is, then our trust sings as the birds some melody in the storms, some breaking forth of night-dreams into a gentle aria. Our trust becomes as the flowers, making storm winds fragrant, and the very air of darkest nights sweetening with the gentle bravery of their truth. Our trust in thee shines as the stars, taking in their serenity the unquiet fears of the night, making the darkness have its own glory. Our trust in thee is like the streams that murmur their music among the hills, that rugged, opposing ways but break into singing, the spray weaving into a rainbow aureole as for the sainthood that is born in sorrow. Our trust is the spiritual answer to all moving, living, beautiful things in thy world.

And so ever we seek thee, and thou turnest never away from us. Indeed, thou art seeking us with thy whole heart; and our seeking of thee is but the far-away echo of thy voice calling to thy children, earnestly desiring to satisfy them with thy loving kindness, and bless them with thy tender mercy. We come unto thee, and a light shines in our darkness. We feel thy hand at work in the midst of these mysteries of life and being, intent upon high and holy tasks. Thy peace takes the heart of our trouble, and stills it as a mother quieteth her babe. In the shadow of death burns the sun of thy life; and we are assured that, experiencing death, we are experiencing some new fulness of life, some happier, holier day at its dawning. Ever is thy gentleness making us great. Ever with all loving cords thou art drawing us to thine own truest heart, the home for which we are homesick.

So are we learning to love thee and trust thee, and to know thy name, that we may be called by it, realizing the fulness of our childhood to thine own loving and everlasting Fatherhood; for thou receivest them that put their trust in thee, and hast not forsaken them that seek thee.

Birds sing because
They cannot help but sing
Thy love's sweet laws.
Birds sing because
Thy joys do spring
Up in their wing,
And, in their song,
When they so throng
The happy springtime's blossoming.
As sweet as theirs, as true, divine,
My praise on all the winds would be,
Because thy love o'erflows in mine,
Because my life lives true in thee.

PASTOR QUIET.

A PROPHET OF FREEDOM.

The following extract is from an inspiring article in the June *Arena* by its editor, B. O. Flower:—

For five years after entering public life Whittier practically refrained from casting in his lot with the despised band of Abolitionists, who were then the recipients of all the epithets of abuse which unreasoning prejudice and easy-going conventionalism employ so prodigally when seeking to clothe with ignominy those who insist on arousing the sleeping conscience of society by demanding a higher regard for the demands of justice and morality. The facts involved seem to clearly indicate that it was Garrison's influence which at last turned the scales, leading Whittier after his five years of waiting to boldly embrace the cause of Abolition. Not that his sympathies had at any time been other than with the cause of freedom, but he was a Quaker: he loved peace; and his intuitive mind quickly perceived, what many less far-seeing men failed to appreciate, that the onward movement of the Abolition cause meant riots, mobs, and bloodshed,—perhaps it meant war and the severance of the Union. He hoped to see the cause triumph peaceably, even if so it should be longer in the process of settlement. Then again he had political and literary ambitions, which he well knew would be blasted if he espoused the unpopular cause. He shrank from the contempt of his fellow-men, and he dreaded the savage conflict which he felt would follow an aggressive campaign for unconditional abolition. He cherished as long as possible the hope that justice would triumph over greed; but the time came when he could not answer Garrison's arguments to his own satisfaction, for he could not close his eyes to the fact that the trend of politics and the commercial demands and requirements of

the time were distinctly opposed to his vision of gradual emancipation. In order to win electoral votes from the South, the two great parties throughout the North were vying with each other in disciplining those members who pleaded for freedom and justice to all men. The cotton-gin and the increase of rice culture made the dream of gradual emancipation thoroughly visionary. At least, it seemed so to Whittier, who had carefully studied the question with an earnest desire to be convinced that the theory of gradual emancipation was probable, if the facts at all warranted such a conclusion. His hope, however, grew less and less the more he considered the question. Garrison, who through his early friendship with the poet was able to approach nearer to his conscience than any one else, brought all his influence to bear upon the young Quaker to convince him of his duty, and to outweigh Whittier's natural reluctance to engage in aggressive warfare, his supersensitiveness, and his ambition for political honors.

In 1833 Whittier crossed the Rubicon by publishing at his own expense a carefully prepared argument on "Justice and Expediency." This done, he found himself forced into the heart of the band who were struggling for an interpretation of freedom wider than the nation had yet recognized. His poem inscribed to Garrison * reveals his strong attachment to the friend of his youth and his admiration for the moral courage of the foremost apostle of Abolition, as will be seen from these stanzas:—

Champion of those who groan beneath
  Oppression's iron hand:
In view of penury, hate, and death,
  I see thee fearless stand.
Still bearing up thy lofty brow,
  In the steadfast strength of truth,
In manhood sealing well the vow
  And promise of thy youth.

. . . . . .

I love thee with a brother's love,
  I feel my pulses thrill,
To mark thy spirit soar above
  The cloud of human ill.
My heart hath leaped to answer thine,
  And echo back thy words,
As leaps the warrior's at the shine
  And flash of kindred swords!

. . . . . .

Have I not known thee well, and read
  Thy mighty purpose long?
And watched the trials which have made
  Thy human spirit strong?
And shall the slanderer's demon breath
  Avail with one like me,
To dim the sunshine of my faith
  And earnest trust in thee?

In taking his stand, Whittier made one of those sublime sacrifices which evince the essential divinity immanent in man. For even those who do not sympathize with his decision, deeming the action to have been unwise, unless they be blinded by unreasoning prejudice, will appreciate the grandeur of soul which led an ambitious young man with most flattering political and literary prospects before him to turn his back upon honor, success, and the natural inclinations of his nature, and consent to be a social outcast for the cause his conscience approved; for no one was better acquainted with the nature of the sacrifice he was making than the poet. He had carefully surveyed the whole field from the position of one whose opportunities enabled him to comprehend the magnitude of the sacrifice. On this point Mr. William Sloane Kennedy observes:—

When Whittier espoused the cause of the slave, he had counted the cost, and knew that he was burying all hope of political preferment and literary gains. Those who gave themselves to the work knew not but that it might be for a lifetime. To be shunned and spat upon by society, mobbed in public, and injured in one's business,—this was what it meant to become an Abolitionist. When Miss Martineau avowed her sympathy with them, society shut its doors in her face. When Longfellow put forth his little pamphlet of poems on slavery, weak and harmless as they were, the editor of *Graham's Magazine* wrote him to offer excuses for the brevity of a guarded notice of the poems, saying that the word "slavery" was never allowed to appear in a Philadelphia periodical, and that the publisher of the magazine had objected to have even the name of the

* This poem, according to Mr. Pickard, was published in the Haverhill *Gazette* in November, 1831; while Mr. William Sloane Kennedy, in his Life of Whittier, maintains that it was not published until after "Justice and Expediency." If Mr. Pickard is correct, it indicates that the strong attachment of the poet for Garrison, and his admiration for the man who was being so generally maligned, led to this outburst of feeling in verse which reflected the sentiments of the youthful editor who was not yet ready to cast in his lines with Garrison.

book appear in his pages. Allusion only can be made to a few of the innumerable persecutions endured by the friends of the black race. How Lydia Maria Child was deprived of the use of the Athenæum Library in Boston, because the first use she had made of it was to prepare her "Appeal"; how Dr. Follen was deprived of his professorship in Harvard College for his brave espousal of Abolitionism; how Prudence Crandall's school-house was defiled with filth and its windows broken; how Arthur Tappan's house was sacked and his life threatened; how Dr. Reuben Crandall (teacher of botany in Washington, D.C., and brother of Prudence Crandall), for having, at his own request, lent to a white citizen a copy of Whittier's "Justice and Expediency," was kept in a damp city prison for eight months, until the seeds of consumption were sown and his life made a sacrifice; how Amos Dresser was flogged in the public square of Nashville, and his fellow-student of Lane Seminary, the eloquent Marius R. Robinson, was dragged from his bed at night, and tarred and feathered by ruffians,—all these things are matters of history.

This noble sacrifice of the lower to the higher afforded the poet the keenest pleasure throughout life, as such soul-victories always afford high-minded, sincere natures; and he attributed his later success largely to this momentous decision. Toward the close of his life he said as much to a youth of fifteen years, who sought his counsel, adding, "Join thyself to some unpopular but noble cause if thou wouldst succeed." The poet had in mind, without doubt, the only success which is worthy of the name,—success from which flow the triumph of right and the enlargement of human happiness.

The meetings of the Abolitionists were frequently broken up by turbulent bands, even when no violence was shown; and many are the ludicrous incidents which occurred at these gatherings. On one occasion a lady who was accustomed to give the friends of freedom no end of trouble by her continual interruptions, and who, being possessed of some wit, usually created great amusement among the unsympathetic onlookers who frequented all these assemblies, became so troublesome that, in order to continue the meeting, it was necessary to remove the loquacious lady in question. Finally, Wendell Phillips and two other gentlemen gently raised her chair, and proceeded to carry her from the hall. She was by no means disconcerted, but in fact seemed to enjoy the situation. The trio had not proceeded far, however, when she broke the silence by exclaiming, "I am better off than my Master was; for he had but one ass to ride on, while I have three to carry me."

Whittier used to relate another amusing incident which occurred about this time. One of the public meetings became very stormy, more on account of the opposing views entertained by the friends of freedom than from the disorderly class who usually gave trouble. Now there were seated on the platform William Lloyd Garrison, whose head was very bald, William A. Burleigh, whose hair fell in a great mane on his shoulders, and a negro. Suddenly, during a momentary lull, some one in the rear of the hall shouted: "Mr. Speaker, Mr. Speaker, I have only a word to say. If that negro will shave Burleigh, and make a wig for Garrison, all difference will be settled." The house instantly broke forth in roars of laughter which lasted for some time, and seemed to put every one in a good humor, as from that moment the meeting passed off smoothly, a rare good humor seeming to have taken the place of the almost bitter spirit which had prevailed a few moments before.

In 1838 the beautiful new temple of freedom in Philadelphia, dedicated as Pennsylvania Hall, was burned by a mob. This act of lawlessness created a deep impression on many thoughtful minds throughout the North. In his editorial in the issue of the *Pennsylvania Tribune*, which appeared after the burning, Whittier speaks in these vivid, vital, and prophetic sentences of the outrage and the influence which it would exert upon the friends of freedom:—

Not in vain, we trust, has the persecution fallen upon us. Fresher and purer for the fiery baptism, the cause lives in our hearts. . . . Woe unto us if we falter through the fear of man! . . . Citizens of Pennsylvania! your rights as well as ours have been violated in this dreadful outrage. . . . In the heart of your free city, within view of the Hall of Independence, whose spire and roof reddened in the flame of the sacrifice, the deed has been done; and the shout which greeted the falling ruin was the shout of Slavery over the grave of Liberty. . . . Are we pointed to the smoking ruins of that beautiful Temple of Freedom, which we fondly hoped would have long echoed the

noble and free sentiments of a Franklin, a Rush, a Benezet, a Jay; and, as we look sadly on its early downfall, are we bidden to learn hence the fate of our own dwellings if we persevere? Think not the intimidation will drive us from our post. . . . We feel that God has called us to this work; and, if it be his purpose that we should finish what we have begun, he can preserve us, though it be as in the lion's den or the sevenfold heated furnace.

Whittier's poems during this period were thrown off at white heat. In later life he thus characterized them:—

Of their defects from an artistic point of view it is not necessary to speak. They were the earnest, and often vehement, expression of the writer's thought and feeling at critical periods in the great conflict between freedom and slavery. They were written with no expectation that they would survive the occasions which called them forth. They were protests, alarm signals, trumpet-calls to action, words wrung from the writer's heart, forged at white heat, and of course lacking the finish and careful word selection which reflection and patient brooding over them might have given.

They were indeed trumpet-calls, and did more to awaken the sleeping conscience of the nation than even our historians appreciate. James Russell Lowell was profoundly impressed, and generously expressed his appreciation of Whittier in these striking lines:—

Whittier has always been found faithful to the Muse's holy trust. He has not put his talent out at profitable interest, by catering to the insolent and Pharisaical self-esteem of the times; nor has he hidden it in the damask napkin of historical commonplaces, or a philanthropy too universal to concern itself with particular wrongs, the practical redressing of which is all that renders philanthropy of value. Most poets are content to follow the spirit of their age, as pigeons follow a leaky grain-cart, picking a kernel here and there out of the dry dust of the past. Not so with Whittier. From the heart of the onset upon the serried mercenaries of every tyranny, the chords of his iron-strung lyre clang with a martial and triumphant cheer; and where Freedom's Spartan few maintain their inviolate mountain pass against the assaults of slavery, his voice may be heard, clear and fearless, as if the victory were already won. It is with the highest satisfaction I send you the enclosed poem, every way worthy of our truly New England poet.

And Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in a tribute to Whittier written some years since, thus expresses the wonderful influence exerted by the poet over his youthful imagination:—

At dawn of manhood came a voice to me
That said to startled conscience, "Sleep no more."
. . . . . .
If any good to me or from me came
Through life, and if no influence less divine
Has quite usurped the place of duty's flame;
If aught rose worthy in this heart of mine,
Aught that, viewed backward, wears no shade of shame,—
Bless thee, old friend; for that high call was thine.

IS UNITARIANISM THE RELIGION OF JESUS?*

BY ALEXANDER T. BOWSER.

The Unitarian movement in this country had its origin in the conviction that true allegiance to the Christ implied the right and duty of every Christian to know the truth regarding his teaching.

From this starting-point our leaders were not long in reaching the conclusion that the religion of Jesus was as natural as the sunlight, and as rational as a mother's self-sacrifice, and that therefore its doctrines should be investigated in the light of reason and experience, and even changed when necessary, in order to bring them into harmony with modern thought and scientific discovery.

Thus we have learned that loyalty to Jesus does not mean that all his followers must be run into the same mould of belief, use the same ritual, and observe the same rites, or even think the same thoughts and do the same things; but we must study the truth freely, lend a hand to help and uplift humanity wherever and whenever we have opportunity, and live in the thought of God and the spirit of worship at all times and in every place.

Unitarianism is an attempt to return to first principles in religion. We try to place ourselves in a similar attitude of heart and mind to that held by the great Teacher him-

*From a sermon preached in the Unitarian church, Wilmington, Del., March 15, 1896.

self, so as to look at truth from his point of view, seek divine inspiration and guidance as he sought them, worship God with his childlike freedom and confidence, and serve man with like devotion and self-sacrifice.

Our theory of life and death, of this world and the world to come, rests on his conviction of the universal fatherhood of God, and our duty as his children to live a life of truth, goodness, and love.

But, as rational beings, we insist on the right of applying the test of reason and experience, not only to the doctrines of the church, but to its traditions also; and we think that this principle should apply even to the recorded words of Jesus, feeling sure that we honor him more by this course than if we accepted blindly every word of the gospel narrative as infallibly true. For example, in the Gospel of Luke the Master is made to say, "If any man come to me, and *hate* not his father and mother and wife and children and brethren and sisters, he cannot be my disciple." Now, what is the good of our reason and common sense, if we are not to doubt or question such an assertion as this in the name of Christ? Is it not utterly opposed to the whole spirit of his life, and does it not contradict all the best things in his teachings? Do we not feel instinctively that either the words do not mean what they seem to say or else that some mistake has been made in attributing them to him? Is not *love* the very essence and substance of his good news,—love for one another, love for our neighbor, and even for an enemy? Did not he himself bless and forgive those who hated and crucified him? Therefore, in rejecting this passage as no part of our gospel, do we not honor Jesus more than if we accepted it as a revelation of divine truth? And yet I would not have you think for a single moment that rational freedom in seeking the truth in religion is satisfied with the mere denial of some old doctrines and the criticism of ancient traditions. It is often necessary to criticise and deny and seek for error; but the one universal rule in all such work should be that we do it in order to lay the foundation for a better belief, a broader and deeper faith, and so build our house of religion on a larger and truer thought of God, a more inclusive and abounding love for man. We are made free from error and superstition, not by denying them, and finding fault with people for holding them, but by seeing the truth from a higher point of view, and entering into the spirit of all things pure and good and beautiful.

Therefore, we are Unitarians not because we deny the infallible inspiration of the Bible or refuse to accept the absolute authority of Jesus: we are Unitarians because we are perfectly willing to let the Bible rest on its merits, to stand or fall as its truth bears the test of reason and experience; and Jesus becomes our teacher and guide in the religious life, not because the Church calls him God, but by the influence of his own character, and the power of his truth to inspire the soul and move us to the higher life of love to God and love to man. Thus we are Unitarians because we have greater faith in Jesus, not less, and wish to get a closer and truer view of his ideas concerning the fatherhood of God and the sonship of man, the value and use of the Bible, the place and power of prayer, and the destiny of the human soul.

Take, for example, the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God. There are many people who will tell you that they can only reach this truth by way of Trinitarian theology. They have the right to go by that path, if they think it the best one, though to us it seems a long way round. But let us not quarrel with them, when they are seeking the goal of the spiritual life as well as we. God has more than one way of leading his children to himself. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." The essential thing is to become conscious of the Spirit's presence, to yield to its influence, to be carried on its breath into personal communion with God.

If the Trinitarian philosophy helps any one to this, we have no fault to find with him for following its symbols. But from the point of view of rational thought in religion the mystery of the Trinity only tends to obscure the plain and simple statement of Jesus that God is his Father and our Father; and so we put away this ancient formula which we cannot understand, in

order that we may be free to accept the words of Jesus which need no explanation. We set aside the creedal definition of three persons in one God, so as to grasp more readily the clear and explicit statements of the New Testament that "God is Spirit," "God is Light," "God is Love,"—the Father who seeth in secret, knoweth what we need before we ask him, clothes the lilies, feeds the birds, makes the sun to rise and the rain to fall on the good and evil.

From this point of view, we see God, not under three forms only, or in three manifestations, but as the spirit of power and beauty and truth pervading the universe, the life and substance of all things, from the majestic sun in the heavens to the tender violet in the grass at our feet; and it becomes easier to understand the inspired vision of Jesus, revealing God as the Infinite Friend ever present with his children, the Divine Providence in whom we may always trust, the heavenly Father who forgives our sins and rejoices more over one lost child restored than over the ninety-and-nine who never went astray. We have parted with the doctrine of the Trinity, that we may be free to believe more about God, not less; for now we see him, not as three in one, but as the all in one who is "not far from every one of us, for in him we live and move and have our being."

Thus, too, in rejecting the doctrine of the deity of Jesus, we see more of the divine nature manifested in his life and teaching than when we tried to explain his inspiration in the terms of the creeds. For now, by going right to his own words to learn the secret of his life, we find that he explains it all by saying that the Father who dwelt within him did the works, the Father taught him what to say, the Father sent him to seek and save the lost, and teach his brethren how they also were the children of God and shared with himself, as fellow-heirs, all the fullness of divine life and power and love. And so, instead of being hid from us in the mystery of the Trinity, we can see Jesus as a brother and teacher whom we understand because he is human like ourselves; while his character is so full of spiritual qualities that it reveals to our hearts the divine character, and we learn what it means to be the son of God and one with the Father.

And we also have a larger and more helpful book in the Bible than when we thought of it as the only word of God, and infallibly true from beginning to end. For now it no longer troubles us when we find errors in its history, or that its account of the creation does not correspond with the discoveries of science, or that the actions of its patriarchs are inconsistent with our ideas of morality, or that its miracles are contrary to experience, because all this is just what we should expect in a volume which contains the history, poetry, and all the other literature of a nation, by authors living hundreds of years apart, and writing as men write books to-day; that is, they recorded events they knew about, put down their ideas concerning God, and what they believed to be his relations with men, filling their books with a great variety of knowledge on many subjects. This natural view of the Bible shows more of inspiration in its spirit than when every word was supposed to come direct from heaven; for it reveals the fact that, in spite of human limitations and faults, it has been for thousands of years the source of the highest spiritual convictions, inspiring the noblest and purest sentiments, going before the advance of civilization "as a cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night." It is a human book, made by human hands, the product of human minds; but in the providence of God it has been preserved and handed down to us, bringing into our modern life the experience of men of ancient times who struggled and prayed and felt after God as we do now. It shows us how they, listening with the inward ear of the spirit, heard the word of God that became "a lamp unto their feet, and a light unto their path." This view of the Bible sees also that the Holy Spirit not only inspired the prophets and apostles, but that he will speak in our hearts, too, if we will listen for his voice,—that the current of spiritual life and power which flows through the pages of the Bible is still flowing on, filling all open and uplifted souls with divine inspiration; that the same influence which imparted light and faith to the pure in heart of olden time is now waiting to guide us in the ways of truth and goodness.

And is it not true also that Unitarians, by going to Jesus himself for instruction

in religious truth, are learning to look on prayer from a higher point of view, and so are coming to appreciate its spiritual use and power as never before? We see him, the one perfect man as we fondly think, going alone into some quiet retreat to converse with God as a child with a father. We hear him, who always lived in harmony with God, praying for strength and the spirit of submission, saying, "Not my will, but thine, be done"; and we learn that Christian prayer is not simply pleading and begging for outward blessings, but the earnest and loving effort of the human will to come into entire harmony with the Divine Will, so that the whole life shall be under the influence of the Divine Spirit, whose light and love and power are forever flowing into the soul of him who, like the Master, has learned to say, "I and the Father are one."

So also Unitarianism has reached a higher conception of the future life. We have been emancipated from the old opinions regarding heaven and hell, and have seen a glorious vision of the saving power of God who (like the shepherd in the parable) goes after the lost sheep "*till he finds it.*" In this parable, as well as in other places, Jesus has given us the hope of a universal heaven from which none of God's human children shall be finally and forever excluded. "What man among you being a father?" he asks, comparing the action of the heavenly Father with that of a good and wise earthly parent. If such a human father would not cast off a son or daughter forever, but in spite of all faults, or any wrong-doing, would still leave a light in the window to welcome the returning wanderer, do you think the love of God, the forgiving care and tender thoughtfulness of God, can ever cease to go out after his children, until the last prodigal of them all has returned? Oh, no! For where in all the vast universe can they be, and God not be there, too? And where God is, there is love; where God is, there is forgiveness; where God is, there is safety, and the power of restoration, and of new life, and progress!

As our beloved Quaker poet once sung,—

> "I know not what the future hath
> Of marvel or surprise,
> Assured alone that life and death
> His mercy underlies."

This confidence of the heart, based on the teaching of Jesus, gives us hope for all. Not two places, over against each other, one for the redeemed, the other for the lost, does our view of the future life picture to the imagination. And does not the great Teacher say that in the Father's house there are many mansions,—many rooms, many homes? If God is the Father whose heart was manifested to the world in the tender love of Jesus Christ, then he has a room prepared in his house for each one of his children, which is exactly fitted for his condition, and where he will be surrounded with all restraining, uplifting, inspiring, influences, so that whatever of the good and true and beautiful there may be in his soul will still have opportunity for development and progress under the perpetual love and encouragement of the Christ, and the angels, and the spirits of all the good and true who have washed their robes and made them white in the waters of self-sacrifice and earnest endeavor while here below.

Such, in a brief and halting way, are some of the reasons for thinking that Unitarianism is the religion of Jesus, or, at least, its best modern representative. Our religion is not a system of denial and unbelief, as so many of our critics maintain: it is a return to the gospel, in the spirit of freedom and the love of truth, for a deeper, truer, higher idea of the Fatherhood of God and the sonship of man.

ROMANES' RETURN TO FAITH.*

A true man of science was George John Romanes, whose wife has now written and edited his "Life and Letters." He had the true scientific temper, insatiable in the appetite for facts, eager to put all statements to proof. A contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, under the title of "Through Scientific Doubt to Faith," says that the mental progress of Mr. Romanes may be distinguished by four stages. We summarize his statement. Starting from a traditional Orthodoxy, Romanes, in the first place, parted from his religion on a supposed theoretic necessity: the fortunes of Christianity were staked on an argument from design which seemed to be contradicted by enlarged knowledge. Second, Romanes looked for

* From the *Literary Digest*, June 6, 1896.

a new religion which should be on better terms with modern science. The third stage through which he passed was agnosticism. From this he entered a fourth stage,—the examination of faith as a fact, and the clear appreciation of the necessity of faith. "The change from an abstract to a practical study of faith," remarks the writer, "is, indeed, one of the hardest and most important steps." In this connection he says of Romanes:—

Those who regard his history only from the outside might be tempted to explain his final return to faith by the overpowering force, acting upon a sinking life, of the desire to find happiness in religion. Such an explanation is erroneous and inadequate. If the wish to believe must be credited with his later movements, it must be credited also with his earlier. The desire remained when Romanes was in the full vigor of strength and happiness. It belonged no more to the physical weakness of the close of life than to the exuberant power of successful manhood. Though working in a different manner, it characterized equally the beginning and the end of the long struggle between rationalism and assent.

The writer goes deep into the life and motives of his subject, tracing him closely through a labyrinth of scientific speculation, and finally comes to say of him:—

Under suffering he began to seek more eagerly the outlet of love. When pain came most heavily on himself, he ceased to judge God for pain in nature. For him, as apparently for Saint Paul, his own pain interpreted that of the world, and gave the clew to hope. The pressure of his calamity was felt as a most bitter trial, yet it led to a daily growth of inward strength. There were moments of passionate regret for work undone; and, in the early stages of his illness, a fervent desire to recover in order that he might prove his resolution by action. But he never faltered in his manly resignation. He often reverted to the feeling that he had been distracted from the life of Christian thought and work which he had promised himself in early youth, and now regarded as his proper line of development. He would willingly have recovered the track and completed his task, not, as he often said, with any thought of the ulterior advantages of faith, but to have the happiness of knowing God, and seeing him as he is. Yet the track had been recovered, and the task was truly accomplished. His friends heard from him many new and penetrating expressions of belief while he was still, at times, discussing its merits. For those who warm themselves at the fireside of faith, he had worked as miners work, who labor in darkness throughout the day. Yet, assuredly, he will not be the poorer by one hour of the light.

Romanes felt an admiration for Christianity, which a severe criticism might, at one time, have treated as artistic only. But that beauty of the faith must mean something. Why was its influence to be disregarded? Did it not rest on something deep and real in man and nature? Why was the gospel story so natural to the human heart? Why could we find no flaw in the person there presented? Were his words, after all, the words of truth, telling the mind of God more surely than any reading of nature? And the final tragedy! Would it not, if once believed, solve that obstinate mystery of pain and failure, and show finally how God can love and let us suffer? To have faith in this would be to solve the great contradiction of speculative theism. Still, what a tremendous thing it is to believe! Day after day he concluded that it was reasonable and coherent, and yet each day recoiled from the thought of it as a fact, only to be pressed up to it again by the continued effort toward theism.

We quote the closing thoughts:—

Our purpose was to trace a mental development, the course of a real life spent in the arduous battle of belief. But, as a mental development, how uninteresting is this conclusion of faith that never completely triumphed over speculative difficulty, this gain of sufficient but not wholly victorious hope, which cannot solve all mental mysteries, but yet frankly resigns itself to childlike trust in a person! Here is not the ideal end of a philosopher's search of truth. It is only the pursuit, by a brilliant man of science, of a path whose first steps were known in childhood. We had expected something new and special, some peculiar train of thought, some fresh solution of our perplexities, some dramatic abandonment of science. But, instead of logical novelties, or revolutions in mental jurisdiction, we find only a new freedom of the old powers, an addition to the material on which the judgment works gained by the ancient way of faith. Metaphysically and in form, the end is undramatic. The interest lies in the content of the form, in the knowledge, not the theory of knowledge. Let us rather say that it lies in the power obtained, in the life to which access is gained, —at first with hesitating steps, then with growing confidence, as each day brought its opportunities for obedience to a voice which seemed rightly to command submission.

A WORD ABOUT CREMATION.*

Some good Christians have thought that it is sacrilege to burn the bodies of the dead, lest it should in some unknown way interfere with the process of resurrection; and still others have been prejudiced against it because it was once a pagan custom. But these objections betray a narrow habit of thought. Paul says, "The things that are seen are temporal, but the things not seen are eternal." The body is but the garment of the soul. What matters it to the soul how this garment is disposed of when the soul has left it, and its atoms no longer thrill to the music of life?

It is our duty to direct the minds of the people not to the place where the bodies of their loved ones lie, awaiting the slow action of nature's disintegrating forces, but to that invisible beyond where their souls have arisen from the sepulchre of death to bathe in the glorious sunshine of a better and brighter life. Every fact of science today points to the immortality of the soul. Here lies this body. By heat it will be dispersed into the invisible, and only a handful of ashes will be left to greet our physical senses. Science declares that not one atom is destroyed, not an element of force lost. The elements of which this body are composed will be just as real when they are invisible to our eyes as they are now.

Let us fasten our minds then upon the soul, and not upon the body; and let us sweep away these relics of the dark ages when men clung to what the senses could fasten upon, because their minds were not unfolded to grasp the conception of a spiritual life.

* From an address delivered by Rev. Solon Lauer, San Diego, Cal.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.

The Second Church, Copley Square, was filled Thursday morning, May 28, with Unitarians interested in the formation of a young people's national organization.

The matter had been under consideration since the convention held in Washington one year ago, when considerable time was taken in discussing the feasibility of forming the society.

A Committee on Organization was chosen at that time, with the injunction that the ground should be carefully canvassed before the work be begun.

At the meeting Thursday morning it seemed that there had not been discovered one dissenting voice; and everybody was enthusiastically in favor of some agency other than that of the social organizations connected with the Church, which should be universal in its scope and prodigious in its influence toward bringing the younger class in more intimate relation with the Church Militant in the work of redemption.

The meeting was called to order by Rev. Thomas Van Ness at 10.30 o'clock, who made a brief speech of welcome in behalf of the church, in which he said, "I believe that there is to be born a national movement more important than any other movement which has been organized for years in any body." He was elected chairman of the meeting, and Rev. Mr. Reccord was elected secretary.

Rev. C. R. Eliot, as a member of the Committee on Organization, was called upon to give a history of the movement; and in a satisfactory way he set forth the things which led to its formation and the work of the committee in its interest.

The chairman then called upon Rev. Mr. Gould of Chicago to report the manner in which the movement had grown in the West. "The very life," said he, "of our Christianity depends on the young people; and I think we shall quicken their consciences all along the line by this movement. The spirit of the West is with you, and now let us act together."

The secretary read the constitution and by-laws as prefaced by the committee, and then followed a discussion on its salient features. There seemed to be considerable opposition to the name which the committee decided upon for the society. It was thought by several prominent leaders that the word "Unitarian" should be inserted, in order to keep its special significance before the country; but the ultimate ruling was that "The Young People's Religious Union" should be adopted, and the closing vote for this name was made unanimous.

After a lively discussion of the constitution it was adopted in nearly its original

condition, and officers elected as follows for the first year :—

President, Rev. Thomas Van Ness; vice-president, Rev. S. A. Eliot; secretary, Rev. Leslie W. Sprague; treasurer, Rev. A. P. Reccord; directors, F. N. Hartwell, Rev. E. A. Horton, Miss Stearns, Rev. C. J. Bartlett, Rev. L. B. McDonald, Miss Kate Brown, Hyde Park. The first three serve two years, having received the largest number of votes.

There were present at the meeting two hundred and two delegates from seventy-five different societies. Mr. Gould also brought greetings from twenty young people's societies in the West.

The constitution adopted is as follows :—

PREAMBLE.

We, holding liberal views in religion, and believing that organization is necessary to the most successful conduct of our common work, do hereby form a general confederation of guilds, Unity Clubs, and other similar societies, to be known as the "Young People's Religious Union," the cardinal principles of which shall be *truth*, *worship*, and *service*.

ARTICLE I. OBJECTS.

The objects of the Union shall be

(*a*) To foster the religious life;

(*b*) To bring the young people of our several churches into closer relations with one another; and

(*c*) To spread rational views of religion, and to put into practice such principles of life and duty as tend to uplift mankind.

ARTICLE II. HOW CONSTITUTED.

The Union shall be composed of all those clubs and societies that are in sympathy with its principles and contribute annually to its treasury.

Every such club or society joining the National Union may retain its present name; and any new organization of young people shall be at liberty to select such local designation and draft such constitution as it may prefer.

ARTICLE III. MEMBERSHIP.

Upon written application the secretary shall place upon the membership list any young people's society already existing, or hereafter to be formed, which affirms its sympathy with the general objects of the Union and adopts its cardinal principles, provided that said society with its application forwards a contribution to the Union's treasury.

ARTICLE IV. OFFICERS.

The officers of the National Union shall be a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary, and a Treasurer, who shall hold office for one year, or until their successors are elected, and an Executive Board, composed of the above-named officers and six directors, the six directors thus chosen being either officers or past officers of some local young people's society.

ARTICLE V. MEETINGS.

The Union shall hold its annual meeting in the month of May, the day and place to be decided by the Executive Board.

Special meetings shall be called by the President, or at the request of the Executive Board, or at the call of any twelve societies or clubs in the Union.

ARTICLE VI. QUORUM.

Twelve local societies, each represented by one or more delegates, from not less than three different States of the United States of America or Provinces of Canada, shall constitute a quorum.

ARTICLE VII. AMENDMENTS.

This constitution may be amended at any annual meeting of the Union by a two-thirds vote of the delegates present.

Notice of such proposed amendment shall first be sent to the Secretary of the Union, and shall be incorporated in his call for the annual meeting.

BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE I. DELEGATES.

Every society (or organization) connected with this Union shall be entitled to three delegates, provided that the representation for any single church shall not exceed six delegates. Said delegates shall be certified to by the local secretaries of the respective clubs, and shall be entitled to vote at all regularly called delegate meetings.

ARTICLE II. ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

Nominations for all officers shall be made in open session of the annual meeting, by an informal ballot; and the election shall be by ballot. At the first election under this constitution three of the six directors shall be elected for a term of one year and three for a term of two years; and at each succeeding election three shall be elected to serve the full term of two years.

ARTICLE III. DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

The duties of President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer, shall be those usually required of such officers. The Executive Board shall have the general man-

agement of affairs from one annual meeting to the next, and shall take into consideration and propose to the Union ways and means for promoting the objects of the organization.

The following resolutions were also adopted:—

I. *Resolved*, That the officers of our local Unitarian Conferences be requested to invite and make provision for delegate meetings of our Young People's Societies in connection with our conference meetings.

II. *Resolved*, That a meeting of the Young People's Religious Union be held every two years in connection with the meeting of the National Conference.

III. *Resolved*, That societies becoming members of the National Organization be advised to adopt the common title,—"Young People's Religious Union."

The headquarters of the Young People's Religious Union will be at 25 Beacon Street (Room 2), Boston; and the newly appointed secretary will be there every Monday morning to receive calls or attend to any business relative to the interests of the Union.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Young People's Religious Union.

A correspondent writes us as follows:—

As it is understood that the title adopted at the May meeting was provisional only, the suggestion below is offered for what it may be worth.

A name, in order to be practically effective, should, first, be easy to pronounce; second, be such as can be used as an individual and personal appellation; third, embody the fundamental principle for which we stand.

Would not the following or some modification of it fulfil these requirements?

FULL NAME.

The Unitarian League of Loyal Followers of Christ.

SHORT NAME.

Loyal Followers or Christian Followers.

MOTTO.

"Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply *following thee.*"
—*John G. Whittier.*

"And Jesus saith unto him, *Follow me.*"—MATT. viii. 22.

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

SUNDAY.

Our Inheritance.

"*The meek shall inherit the earth.*"

Why should we sigh for worlds unknown?
No temple hath our God, nor throne:
There is no distant orb nor star
Where he is nearer or more far.

Is perfect ease thine aim? Observe
Those laws which not one hair shall swerve,
Far as his reign extends, thou'lt find
That work is ease; thought, peace of mind.

Dost long to see him, face to face,
Who sanctifies thee by his grace?
But lift thine eyes, his form appears:
Creation is the robe he wears.

Dost sigh for wider realms of thought,
For work more vast than thou hast wrought?
When thou hast done thine utmost here,
Trust God: he will enlarge thy sphere.

Dost fondly dream all strife shall cease
When thou hast reached those realms of peace?
Sin conquered? Ah! that heaven can be
Never in thine abode, but *thee.*

Oh, learn this lesson, child of earth:
Thou hast received thy heavenly birth.
To that be true; and earth shall be
A heaven of rest and work to thee.
—*Kate Lawrence.*

MONDAY.

Opportunity.

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel,—
That blue blade that the king's son bears,—but this
Blunt thing!" He snapt and flung it from his hand,
And, lowering, crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.
—*Edward Rowland Sill.*

TUESDAY.

The Lost Kingdom.

I knew the way to a heart,—
  The paths that led to its gate;
When I knocked at its stately door,
  I did not need to wait.

I knew each wide, fair room,
  Each dear little crooked hall,
And where the sunlight would leap,
  And where the shadow would fall.

Why not? for the place was mine;
  I dwelt in its inmost room;
Wore gems that were hoarded there;
  Dreamed deep in its curtained gloom;

Looked long on its pictured wall;
  Trod daily its rugs unrolled;
And drank of its rare, rare wine
  From its fairy cups of gold.

All was so freely mine,
  I tired of a gift so sure,—
"Farewell for a while, old house,"
  And gayly I slammed the door.

Do the old rooms look the same?
  Dear rooms that I loved, and mocked?
I may pass the street with the rest,
  But the stately door is locked.

—*Margaret Gilman Davidson, in the Independent.*

WEDNESDAY.

Great truths are portions of the soul of man;
Great souls are portions of Eternity;
Each drop of blood, that e'er through true heart ran
With lofty message, ran for thee and me;
For God's law, since the starry song began,
Hath been, and still forevermore must be,
That every deed which shall outlast Time's span
Must goad the soul to be erect and free.
Slave is no word of deathless lineage sprung.
Too many noble souls have thought and died,
Too many mighty poets lived and sung,
And our good Saxon, from lips purified
With martyr-fire, throughout the world hath rung
Too long to have God's holy cause denied.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

THURSDAY.

Uphill.

Does the road wind uphill all the way?
  Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
  From morn to night, my friend.
But is there for the night a resting-place?
  A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
  You cannot miss that inn.
Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
  Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock or call when just in sight?
  They will not keep you standing at the door.
Shall I find comfort, travel-worn and weak?
  Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
  Yes, beds for all who come.

—*Christina Rossetti.*

FRIDAY.

Yellow Roses.

If earthly buds in heavenly fields may blow,
  Then somewhere, bordering the shining street,
  Pale yellow roses shed their petals sweet,
Gold upon gold, as softly as the snow
Drops its white petals on our earth below.
  Since beauty worthy Heaven blooms at our feet,
  The old familiar flowers may fitly greet
The angels of our Dead that come and go,
And whisper: "Tarry thou! Hast thou forgot
  The brown mould rent to let the stalk arise,
    Or how the blossoms filled with mellow light?
The universe is God's: what narrow spot
  So small no root of beauty in it lies,
    An expression of his nature and his might."

—*Curtis May.*

SATURDAY.

The embers of the day are red
Beyond the murky hill.
The kitchen smokes; the bed
In the darkling house is spread;
The great sky darkens overhead,
And the great woods are shrill.
So far have I been led,
Lord, by thy will:
So far have I followed, Lord, and wondered still.

The breeze from the embalmed land
Blows sudden towards the shore,
And claps my cottage door.
I hear the signal, Lord,—I understand:
The night at thy command
Comes. I will eat and sleep, and will not question more.

—*Louis Stevenson.*

Mind, it is our best work that he wants, not the dregs of our exhaustion. I think he must prefer quality to quantity.—*George MacDonald.*

EDITORIAL.

Our Churches. We intend to publish, under the heading "Our Churches," a series of historical sketches of the growth and development of various Unitarian churches.

It is not possible to give the full story of the life of any church in our condensed "News from the Field." So we shall give a special article to each church in this department, which, together with the monthly notes under "News," will supply a complete history, continually growing, of each church reported. We ask pastors and church historians to send us the historical facts of their churches.

This month we publish a very full and interesting history of our Arlington Street Church, a church which has several claims to unique distinction, among which the fact that it is the church of Channing and his earnest associate and successor, Gannett, will not be forgotten; while the appearance of the name of Arlington Street Church, year after year, always at the head of the annual list of generous contributors to the funds of the American Unitarian Association for the furtherance of the Unitarian cause, cannot fail to arouse the gratitude as it excites the admiration of all.

Young People's Religious Union. We give on another page a full report of the meeting during Anniversary Week in Boston, at which the various young people's guilds, clubs, and other societies were organized in one confederation to be known as the Young People's Religious Union. Such a union ought to mark a most important era in our denominational life. We believe thoroughly in the desirability of deepening the sense of fellowship and unity among the scattered groups of earnest young workers connected with our churches all over the country. Any such movement must surely be in the right direction, for no cause can advance and prosper to its utmost unless it can rely upon the loyalty of its younger members, and their readiness to work together.

The constitution of this new society has evidently been prepared with great care; and the only point at all likely to provoke criticism is that, in attempting to keep the organization sufficiently broad and open, vagueness largely destroys the desired concentration of purpose. This is strikingly noticeable even in the name adopted for the new organization, "Young People's Religious Union." If our young people are to learn devotion and loyalty to the Unitarian Church, it would surely seem most wise to associate their first organized activity with the definite cause represented by the Unitarian name. Difficult enough is that singleness of devotion, even to the young; and anything we can do, such as honoring and encouraging devotion to that name which has meant so much in the past, and which every year grows in its inspiring content, we should not neglect. It is to be suggested that the name under which all the preliminary considerations for the formation of this union since the first discussion at Washington have been carried on—namely, "Unitarian Union of Young People"—indicates a perfectly specific purpose, and in a simple and natural way aids in the cultivation of loyalty to our own church.

Grove Meeting. Under the able direction of Rev. C. J. Staples, chairman of the Unitarian Grove Meeting Association, an attractive programme, which will be found in our News Department, has been arranged for the forthcoming gathering at The Weirs.

The subjects to be considered are all vital, and special days are to be given to Women's Work, Young People's Union, Laymen's Opportunities, etc.

The Unitarian Church was never in such readiness to preach "a gospel for the people" as it is now. It knows its message, and yearns to share it. This Grove Meeting is an opportunity of which the very most should be made, and we hope many ministers will make personal sacrifice to attend.

Graduation Day at Meadville. Only one event clouded the happy occasion at the recent graduating exercises of the Meadville Theological School; and that was the absence, through illness, of the beloved president. Prof. Barber acted for President Cary; and all were greatly relieved to learn that the illness which prevented the president's participation in the exercises had steadily abated, and the longed for strength was surely re-

turning. With the exception of this single cause for regret, every feature of the occasion was joyous and inspiring. Rev. Howard N. Brown of Boston preached the sermon, feelingly persuading to the high discipleship of Jesus Christ. The graduating class consisted of Frederic Curtis Brown, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Mrs. Adelaide Avery Claflin, Quincy, Mass.; William Safford Jones, Boston, Mass.; Harry Sumner Mitchell, Brookfield, Miss.; Clyde Elbert Ordway, Barton Landing, Vt.; Charles Daniel Reynolds, Gettysburg, Pa.; Abel Maynard Rice, Lynn, Mass.; Carl August Voss, Cincinnati, Ohio; Ernest Voss, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Calamity. THE sudden and utterly unpreventable destruction of the beautiful Church of the Unity in St. Louis by a cyclone, is a calamity that falls heavily upon a young and devoted society. It is also a calamity to our common cause. We need many new churches: we suffer in the loss of any one.

The only possible mitigation of this disaster must be found in an outburst of counteracting sympathy,—a storm of generous subscriptions.

Let this cyclonic shower begin at once in drops of any and every size. Remittances should be addressed to the treasurer of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, marked Fund for Unity Church, St. Louis.

Religious Events. SO MANY items of religious intelligence have recently appeared scattered through the columns of the daily press that the most casual reader's attention must have been called to the steadily increasing interest in religious affairs.

Important conventions have been held by the Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, as well as our own annual anniversary meetings.

The two largest gatherings were the Twenty-first General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held at Cleveland May 1 to 28, and the One Hundred and Eighth General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, North, held at Saratoga Springs May 21 to May 30. At both these meetings a spirit of compromise prevailed, which seemed, however, to lead only to the postponement of the really vital questions at issue, as a legacy of doubtful advantage for the next annual gatherings. The Methodists thus referred the new constitution, the question of admitting women as lay delegates, and the time limit for pastorates.

The Presbyterian Assembly took action upon several important matters, but in such a way, for the most part, as not to be committed to the principles involved. The Committee on Theological Seminaries was discharged. This is probably in the interest of general harmony. The Baltimore presbytery's request for the general assembly's disapproval of women preachers was granted.

Any further negotiations with the Episcopal Church looking toward unity were discontinued.

Forthcoming events are:—

July 8–13.—Christian Endeavor Convention to be held at Washington, expected to be attended by fifty thousand delegates.

July 8–13.—At Jersey City the Young People's Christian Union of the Universalist churches. Annual meeting.

July 16–19.—Baptist Young People's Union. Sixth annual convention to be held at Milwaukee, Wis. About ten thousand delegates expected.

July 28–Aug. 4.—Unitarian Grove Meeting at The Weirs, N.H. Nineteenth annual meeting.

Oct. 10.—Convention of the Brotherhood of Saint Andrew at Pittsburg.

Oct. 22.—American Missionary Association in Boston.

Pulpit Exchange. WE advocate in every way the encouragement of exchange of pulpits between the ministers of all denominations. From such free intercourse we should expect nothing but better understanding, closer Christian fellowship, and a general broadening and liberalizing tendency. It is somewhat surprising to find the *Congregationalist*, in commenting upon the exchange of pulpits between Dr. Herrick and Dr. Hale in Boston, declaring that such an exchange ought not to take place, because it is an affirmation that Dr. Herrick indorses Dr. Hale's views as a teacher of Christianity, while *Zion's Herald* says: "We deplore that the exchange was made. The Congregational Church is understood to stand for something positive concerning the person of Christ.

Unitarianism as a church stands for want of faith or disbelief in the deity of Christ, the most fundamental doctrine of evangelical Christianity. How can those who disagree on a tenet so vital exchange without conveying to the general public the idea that essential differences are ignored? We do not think that the Congregational Church can afford, for its own sake, to coquette in this way with Unitarianism."

The New York *Observer* says *Zion's Herald* is right, and the *Presbyterian Banner* declares "the honor of Christ is involved."

Such assertions seem to us altogether perverse. In the first place, an exchange ought not to be understood to mean an indorsement by one minister of the particular tenets of faith held by the other, even when both are members of the same denomination. If such an understanding were usual, the strictest orthodox sects could not exchange, a Baptist could not exchange with a Methodist; and in the next place such restriction looks altogether too much like plunging one's head in the sand to avoid seeing the enemy. While the daily press and the monthly magazine deluge our homes with critical reviews of all belief, and no wide-awake layman anywhere can fail to know that the teaching of his own particular minister is not infallible, it seems to us quite unnecessary for any sect to fence its pulpit, as though from that spot only its people could hear the truth or be inspired for diviner life.

High-sounding Liberalism. SINCE Rev. N. P. Gilman resigned the editorship of the *Literary World*, a new tone of criticism of religious subjects seems to be adopted by that useful and carefully conducted Boston organ of literary opinion. Whether it is under instructions from the new editor, Dr. Abbott, or from whatever cause, it is curious to observe the unsympathetic reviews of the many recent books on religion, especially such as advance broad views in harmony with the spreading light of new knowledge, which tends beyond tolerance toward fraternity. In noticing Dr. Donald's "Expansion of Religion," after doubting whether the author does not "grant too much" to religions other than our own, the reviewer says: "Some of Dr. Donald's positions will not stand a searching examination. For example, 'I think if I were a missionary in Japan, I should begin my work of unfolding Christianity by worshipping Almighty God in a temple of Buddha.'" Why, indeed, will this suggestion from the deep experience of Dr. Donald's life not "stand searching examination"? It is no dogmatic statement of fact or faith. To us it is an extremely wise indication of the truly brotherly spirit by which alone really permanent missionary work can be successfully accomplished. The reviewer in the *Literary World* designates the passage as "high-sounding liberalism." In good faith, if this be liberalism, however high-sounding, it would seem to us better to raise our own pitch till we strike the same key than to sink into any tones of unbrotherliness that are certainly not high sounding.

Varied Work. DR. ANDREW P. PEABODY, while pastor of the Unitarian church at Portsmouth, N.H., wishing to gain mental stimulus and "avoid sinking in the ruts" of his ministerial duties, accepted the editorship of the *North American Review*, which position he occupied in connection with his professional duties for ten years. Every number contained at least one article of his, besides numerous careful book reviews. From a memoir of his life, by Dr. E. J. Young, recently given before the Massachusetts Historical Society, we quote the following passage, which indicates the varied work and the indefatigable industry of one who was at the same time among the gentlest, happiest, kindest, most beloved of parish pastors: "Dr. Peabody's industry was amazing. He was a rigid economist of time. He improved every moment, and his untiring activity was the perpetual wonder of all who knew him. His literary productiveness never ceased; and even after his death articles were published which he had written, but which he did not live to read. Besides his books, reviews, innumerable articles, extensive correspondence, and weekly sermons, he printed two hundred pamphlets, which, if bound up together, would make a small library. These include Phi Beta Kappa orations and addresses at Dartmouth (1843), Harvard (1845), Brown (1858), Amherst (1867), Williams (1877); centennial commemorations, like that at Cambridge (1875); discourses at ordinations, dedica-

tions, and anniversaries; monographs on timely questions, and reports of committees on the high school and the college. He delivered the Dudleian Lecture in 1856, and he preached the sermon before the legislature of Massachusetts at the annual election in 1872. He contributed chapters to important works, such as the Memorial History of Boston, 'Annals of King's Chapel,' 'Annals of the American Unitarian Pulpit,' 'Authorship of the Fourth Gospel,' and many others. As he had no amanuensis, the mere manual labor involved in writing out all those dissertations and correcting proof would, to many persons, be simply appalling. So accustomed was he to this, however, that he said that he felt 'lost' if he had nothing in the press."

Mission Work in India. MR. SUNDERLAND'S tour of India in behalf of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, for the purpose of gathering information as to the religious needs of liberals scattered throughout that vast territory, has proved not only of unique interest, but has led Mr. Sunderland to such hopeful conclusions and inspired him with such enthusiasm that the reading of his report before the annual meeting of the Association in London was like the kindling of a holy fire. A deep sense of the duty of sending spiritual help to the Brahmo-Somaj and kindred liberal movements seemed to prevail in all hearts. Some one subscribed $2,500 at once. A popular subscription is now started, and the executive board of the Association are urging Mr. Sunderland to go back to India as missionary superintendent of that new and wonderful field.

We print in this issue that part of Mr. Sunderland's address which sketches the present religious condition, and what is now being done by orthodox missions.

Fear not the dark, friend: perchance the water of life may be found in the dark abyss of sorrow.—*Saadi.*

Only God can know the hidden longing to be better than we are, to love more truly and be more faithful to that hidden best of which in rare moments we have glimpses. Only God can know; but that is enough, for he can help.

Departments.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

Much sympathy has been excited among those who have heard of the disaster to the Church of the Unity in St. Louis, Mo. It is to be feared, however, that the news has not reached all our constituency. The secular papers were singularly reticent. The calamity in that quarter of the city was so overwhelming that details were not furnished to the daily papers. The directors of the American Unitarian Association have sanctioned the appeal for assistance. About $5,000 is needed, and contributions may be sent to Mr. George W. Stone, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

We have received from the Atlanta Exposition "a Diploma of Honorable Mention, with a bronze medal, to the American Unitarian Association of Boston, Mass., for the meritorious character of its exhibit of books, pictures, and statuary, illustrating the influence of Unitarian Christianity." Miss Florence Everett, representing the Women's Alliance, gave the exhibit her personal attention throughout the exposition. Rev. and Mrs. George L. Chaney did most of the work in arranging the exhibit.

The British and Foreign Unitarian Association seems to have received Mr. Sunderland's report of the opportunity for missionary work in India with great enthusiasm. Mr. Sunderland, being abroad for change and study, was on his way to Syria and Egypt when he received an invitation to extend his journey to India at the expense of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. A special fund was promptly raised at the late anniversary meetings to provide for a missionary. Dr. Herford suggested the possibility of engaging Mr. Sunderland.

At the commencement of the Theological School at Meadville Rev. Howard N. Brown preached the sermon, and eight gentlemen and one lady graduated.

The Young People's Religious Union starts off with encouraging prospects. Some dissatisfaction is felt because the union omitted "Unitarian" from its name. Apparently, the only argument that had weight at the meeting when the name was adopted was based on some expectation of societies of other denominations joining the Union. Such expectations are commonly delusive, as in the case of the National Conference, which held the door open with its phrase "Other Christian Churches." After many years the door still stands open, but "other Christian churches" do not come. We are fast recovering from our nervousness about the use of the word "Unitarian." It is sim-

ply a descriptive title, covering only what it ought to cover. It is honorable because it costs something to wear it, and it means something of which any individual or society may be proud.

We lose much in summer, because Unitarian families are so apt to take a vacation from church-going. They allow their young people to drift into other churches, and great efforts are made by certain churches to attract and hold our young people. Now, it is not bigotry to keep the youth of our churches instructed in, and in sympathy with, the great ideas which have made a place for us in American life. Why will not groups of Unitarian families at mountain resorts and at the seashore, without waiting for the services of a minister, organize themselves for summer worship? Let one of them read a sermon: let some one conduct a simple service of worship. "All play and no worship makes Jack an irreverent boy." With our small organization it is impossible to maintain services at summer resorts all along the coast and elsewhere, as some churches do. But good missionary work can be done by intellectual lay men and women. They who do it will bring into their churches in the autumn a freshness of life and zeal which will be felt throughout the winter's work.

The Association intends during the coming year to give more attention to small groups of people not large enough at present for the support of a church. These groups may be divided into two classes. The first will contain those in towns so small that they cannot hope to establish self-supporting churches. The second class will include those in cities and large towns where, with a sufficient increase of interest and numbers, it will be possible to establish self-supporting churches in time. Now, both these classes may for the present get most of the advantages of a church if only men and women can be found who are willing to take the lead in conducting services, reading sermons, and organizing Sunday-schools and young people's societies. In such ways, scattered liberals, who are lonely and in need of sympathy, may support one another, and make their protest against the popular creeds respectable. It is often the case that men and women meet each other for years without suspecting each other of being heretics. Dread of an odium to be incurred by professing Unitarian belief often cuts such persons off from mutual support and sympathy. The Association will encourage the formation of such societies in the hope of meeting the needs of both classes,—those who may and who may not expect to found permanent churches.

Another purpose of the Association, expressed in its Annual Report, will need frequent repetition and explanation. Appropriations, other things being equal, will be "made primarily to churches, societies, or organizations which have developed through local interest and enthusiasm, and as far as possible concentrated on important enterprises." It is not the intention of the Association to force itself upon the attention of unwilling communities by establishing permanent missionary stations. We have good reason to believe that there are scattered through the country places enough to call for all the money at our disposal in assisting promising church-building enterprises through the first stages of growth. It is also considered the part of wisdom to establish churches at centres of influence. Wherever one strong church has grown up, other churches tend to group themselves around it. The Association has no desire to extend the list of churches in the Year Book. But it is anxious to make all our churches sound, strong, and influential centres of religion, morality, public spirit, and a benefit to society in its parts.

GEORGE BATCHELOR,
Secretary.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

New editions of the following manuals have recently been issued by the Unitarian Sunday School Society:—

"A Life of Jesus for Young People," seventeenth edition, by Rev. Howard N. Brown.

"Teachings of Jesus," second quarter, by Rev. Henry G. Spaulding.

"Questions for Bible Study, Part I.," fourth edition, by Rev. Charles F. Dole.

"Beginnings of Christianity," third edition, by Rev. Messrs. M. J. and W. H. Savage.

"A Catechism of Liberal Faith," paper covers, second edition, by Rev. Charles F. Dole.

"Lessons on the Old Testament," primary, by Mrs. J. C. Jaynes.

"Sunday Helps for Little People," by Miss Alice C. Dockham and Miss Lucy F. Gerrish.

"A Baptismal Service," by Rev. Albert Walkley.

"Statement of Faith," by Rev. Charles F. Dole.

The lessons issued the past year on the "Teaching of Jesus" and the "Beginning of Christianity" will be put into manual form ready for sale by the 1st of August. These forty lessons, covering the school year, which have proven so successful, will make two distinct courses, each one containing twenty lessons. "Teaching of Jesus," Primary grade, prepared by Mrs. J. C. Jaynes, twenty-four-page illustrated leaflets in manila envelopes. Price 12

cents net, postage extra. "Beginning of Christianity," Primary grade, prepared by Mrs. J. C. Jaynes, twenty-four-page illustrated leaflets in manila envelopes. Price 12 cents net, postage extra. "Teaching of Jesus," Intermediate, prepared by Rev. Edward A. Horton. Price 15 cents single copy, $1.25 a dozen. "Beginning of Christianity," Intermediate, prepared by Rev. Edward A. Horton. Price 15 cents single copy, $1.25 a dozen. "Teaching of Jesus," Advanced, prepared by Rev. Thomas R. Slicer. Price 15 cents single copy, $1.25 a dozen. "Beginning of Christianity," Advanced, prepared by Rev. Thomas R. Slicer. Price 15 cents single copy, $1.25 a dozen.

The Unitarian Sunday School Society has in view the continuation of the one-topic three-grade system, now published for three years, through 1896 and 1897. The courses thus far have quite completely traversed the Bible, and present an interesting and modern study of the Scriptures. There remains, however, a portion which has never been thoroughly treated. This part is contained in the history of Israel from the time where the narratives of Elisha and Elijah end to the coming of Jesus. The Hebrew people were making during that period their most important history. The plan in hand, which is not fully developed in detail, comprehends the prophets, the literature of Israel, the Apocrypha, and all those coworking elements which went into the evolution of the nation, preparing it for the advent of Christianity. It is hoped to make forty lessons out of these subjects for the Primary, Intermediate, and Advanced classes, as before, treating the subject-matter in as picturesque and interesting form as possible, yet adhering strictly to the best results of modern scholarship. The lessons for the Advanced classes will be prepared by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford, for the Intermediate by Rev. Edward A. Horton, and for the Primary by Rev. Albert Walkley. These lessons will be issued in the same form and method as heretofore.

The copiously illustrated leaflet lessons entitled "Nature Studies," prepared by Rev. A. W. Gould, and issued the past winter by the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society, are now completed in the first part of forty lessons. While many of our Sunday-schools will not care to take a course like this for the entire school year, yet these lessons are admirably adapted for suggestion and help among the younger classes. The Unitarian Sunday School Society of Boston can fill orders for these lessons in leaflet form, or bound together in a book. Price of the former, 75 cents a set of forty lessons, each lesson on a large four-page leaflet. Price of the book 85 cents.

A little book in flexible cloth covers has been issued in London, entitled "Practical Hints for Sunday-school Teachers," by Henry Rawlings, M.A. It contains very helpful hints with regard to the conduct of class work, discipline, and instruction. Pages 83, price 20 cents, postage extra. Orders can be filled by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

"The Modern Reader's Bible" is something of prime value to Sunday-school teachers, and, indeed, to all those who wish to get a better understanding of the Bible. This series of little books is edited by Richard G. Moulton, Professor of Literature in English in the University of Chicago. Each volume is of very handy form, and contains an arrangement of Scripture in modern literary shape. The central idea of the whole scheme is to give the Scriptures in a free, literary presentation. There is to be a "Wisdom Series," a "History Series," and a "Prophecy Series." Thus far there have been issued in separate volumes "The Book of Job," "Deuteronomy," "Ecclesiastes," "Proverbs," and "Ecclesiasticus." Price of each volume, 50 cents. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York. Orders can be sent to the Unitarian Sunday School Society, Boston.

There is one thing that Sunday-school teachers can do which will tend to maintain the interest which is broken by summer vacations. The pupils appreciate a letter, even if only one is written during the whole summer, from the teacher to his or her scattered flock. Those who have tried this find that at the reassembling of the school there is a heartier spirit among the children, owing to this personal attention during the play-days of the summer. The habit now so prevalent of having a long intermission in Sunday-school work has its two sides. The question is which side carries the more argument. However, there is not much to be said in view of the facts, which are so strong in favor of closing. The families are away with the children; or, if not, the young people have come into the fashion of thinking that they need an outing, and so the Sunday-school has, in the nature of things, been compelled to stop. Here and there a Sunday-school runs on, even when the church service does not. There ought to be as many devices used as possible to bridge over this summer chasm. It is true that children often go back with renewed interest because of the change, but this hardly makes up in most cases for the utter cessation of school life.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

TEMPERANCE WORK.

The Unitarian Temperance Society has made such arrangements with the Unitarian Sunday School Society that its publications and information concerning its work may always be obtained upon application at the

Sunday-school rooms, 25 Beacon Street. Miss Brown and Miss Hosmer will be glad to serve our friends in any way they can, thus facilitating the work of the society's secretary, Rev. Richard W. Boynton. Mr. Boynton's address is Roslindale, Mass., or 25 Beacon Street, Boston. He will be glad to correspond with all persons desiring aid in temperance work, or who wish to co-operate with our society.

The annual meeting of the Unitarian Temperance Society was held at King's Chapel, Boston, on May 25. Rev. Christopher R. Eliot presided. In the absence of the secretary, Rev. George W. Cooke, Mr. Eliot made a brief statement of the year's work, emphasizing especially the distribution of tracts and the work done for Sunday-schools. The society has now been in existence ten years. It has won for itself an honorable though not a large place in the Unitarian Church. It has kept the subject of Temperance nearer to the front among us, and been a constant reminder of the great need of temperance work. Mr. Eliot stated that his connection with the society as president had covered the whole of its ten years of life, and that on account of increasing work in other fields it would be his desire to resign in favor of some one else. He expressed his gratitude for the opportunities the office had brought, and for the hearty sympathy and co-operation of the board of directors with whom it had been his privilege to work. He was grateful to them for the spirit in which they had accepted his resignation, and prophesied for his successor the same cordial relations and sympathetic appreciation.

The treasurer's report showed that the society stands at the beginning of a new year financially sound, with a fair amount of money for its work. The recent change in the financial year, which begins now on March 1, and the new plan of collecting all subscriptions upon that date, make it possible to report satisfactorily at the annual meeting, the balance reported being the working capital for the coming year. This balance amounts to about $500 this year.

After these reports the following list of officers was elected:—

President, Rev. George H. Hosmer, Neponset; vice-president, William H. Baldwin, Boston; secretary, Rev. Richard W. Boynton, Roslindale; treasurer, Frank B. Thayer, Boston; directors, Rev. Charles F. Dole of Boston, Rev. Lyman Clark of Andover, N.H., Rev. James De Normandie of Boston, Mrs. M. F. W. Homer of Belmont, Rev. William C. Gannett of Rochester, N.Y., Mrs. Abby C. Woude of Boston, Miss Mary O. Rogers of Boston, Rev. William W. Fenn of Chicago, Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett of Kalamazoo, Rev. George H. Hosmer of Boston, Rev. William I. Nichols of Brooklyn, Rev. William G. Eliot of San Francisco, Rev. Francis G. Peabody, D.D., of Cambridge, Walter H. Evans of Montreal, Rev. C. R. Eliot of Boston, and Rev. E. J. Prescott of Kennebunkport, Me.

Addresses were made by Rev. Stephen H. Camp of Brooklyn, N.Y., Mr. J. J. Myers of Cambridge, and Rev. Charles W. Wendte of Oakland, Cal.

Mr. Camp spoke most kindly and in a thoroughly appreciative spirit of the work of the society. He very justly pointed out the impossibility of estimating such work by statistics. The devotion of the society's leaders and members, though comparatively few in number, is what counts. He knew well the difficulties and discouragements of such work. It is no small thing to be simply faithful to the temperance ideal. The Unitarian Temperance Society has been faithful. It opens the door for service, and offers to the Unitarian Church an opportunity. Mr. Camp expressed himself as heartily in sympathy with restrictive measures as a part of the temperance reform, but chiefly emphasized the need of unselfishness and the self-sacrificing spirit.

Mr. Myers gave a practical and earnest talk upon the work accomplished in Cambridge during the past few years for temperance. The hearty co-operation of all classes and churches in the no-license campaigns, knowing neither denominational nor party lines, has been most noticeable and commendable. It has given rise to the phrase "the Cambridge Idea," as representing such co-operation upon broad citizenship lines. The results have been success in driving out the saloon and great gains in the happiness and prosperity and good morals of the people.

Mr. Myers spoke warmly against using the funds derived from liquor licenses to reduce the taxes of the people and to help pay the police. He felt that "rum and public revenue should be divorced entirely." The element of private gain should also be eliminated from the liquor traffic, a proposition at the basis of the Norwegian system. The hope of private gain is the cause of the saloon.

Mr. Wendte called attention to the noble record of the Unitarians in temperance work. They have not worked so successfully as an organized body, it may be; but, individually, they have done noble service.

The following resolutions were presented by Rev. George H. Hosmer, and unanimously passed:—

"*Resolved*, That the Unitarian Temperance Society earnestly protest against the sale of liquors in the public parks of Boston, as positively injurious to the peace, good order, and safety of men, women, and chil-

dren to whom these parks are now a blessing, which would be seriously affected, should such sales be allowed within the precincts of the parks or near by.

"*Resolved*, That a committee of three be appointed to represent this society at the hearing on Thursday, the 28th inst., to present a protest to the police commissioners."

Rev. George H. Hosmer, Miss S. F. King, and Mr. Charles H. Stearns were appointed as the committee to present the resolutions.

After the singing of a hymn the annual meeting was closed, with earnest hopes for the future.

The committee appointed to attend the hearing upon the question of granting licenses for the sale of beer and wine at restaurants in the Boston public parks fulfilled its duty; and its protest proved to be one of many. Rarely has any temperance hearing called forth so universal and vigorous a protest. The room was crowded, and petitions to the number of over fifty were entered. It was felt that the commissioners could scarcely fail to recognize so strong a protest, and we are glad to say that two or three weeks later the licenses requested were refused.

CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.

GUILDS.

The Young People's Guild connected with the Unitarian church of Chelmsford celebrated its fourth anniversary on the evening of May 22 with appropriate exercises in the church auditorium.

Mr. William Hall, the president of the guild, made appropriate introductory remarks, and presented the speakers. Rev. Mr. Fisher, pastor of the First Universalist Church of Lowell, with twenty of his young people, was present and gave an address, pressing home to the young people the importance of cultivating their powers and making themselves useful in the church. Rev. Mr. Simons of Billerica, with several of his young people, was also present, and made strong and helpful remarks.

The Baptist minister of the village lent the help of his presence, and spoke with sympathy and wisdom.

The pastor, Rev. Mr. Pierce, added a few closing words. There was a very good congregation in attendance, several young people from the Baptist and Congregational churches of the village joining in the exercises.

After the exercises in the church auditorium the audience repaired to the vestry, where the members of the guild served refreshments. Altogether the exercises were very pleasant and helpful.

The guild is quite alive, and is doing a good work. Its meetings are held every Sunday evening in the church vestry, the pastor alternating with the members in leading the same.

A Junior Guild has been formed at Exeter, Mass., and starts off with good courage. Its meetings are held at four o'clock each Sunday afternoon. A pleasant relation exists between our Junior Guild and the Junior Endeavor Societies in town, and profitable visits are interchanged.

Our Senior Guild, just completing its ninth year, proposes to hold services in our vestry on July Sunday mornings, at the regular hour for church service. If the plan now proposed is carried forward, some member will read a sermon every Sunday. Thus half the vacation time, when our pulpit is unoccupied, will be provided with religious exercises by our young people.

BOOKS.

Life of Saint Francis of Assisi. By Paul Sabatier. Translated by Louise Seymour Houghton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.—To understand the true nature of such a character as that of the founder of the Franciscan order, and the motives which moved him, requires a sympathy with spiritual things not very commonly found in modern France.

From whatever cause, the modern French race is spiritually myopic. With great and noble powers in other directions, it seems to have lost the religious sense, to be unable any longer to discern the things which must be discerned spiritually. It is the more remarkable, therefore, that the present volume should have been written by a Frenchman.

Mrs. Oliphant's delightful work will retain its place, the first place, in the affections of English-speaking admirers of the saint; but henceforth M. Sabatier's "Life" will be indispensable to all who wish to know more of this marvellous career than Mrs. Oliphant's brief masterpiece supplies.

The secret of the life of Francis was a consciousness of the presence of God, so real that it can only be described by a physical and sensuous symbol. It was like the ordinary man's consciousness of warmth and light. He was in love with this presence. To understand him, we must understand this.

What moved him was not a sense of duty, but a passionate, exalted love for an ideal

personality. He may have used mistaken means. In some respects his views may have been narrowed by the narrowness of his times. Nevertheless, it is probable that this happy and joyful tormentor of the flesh, this self-forgetful lover of God and man, approached nearer than any other to the fulness of the measure of the stature of Jesus Christ.

Council of Trent. Lectures at Oxford. By James Anthony Froude. New York: Scribner's Sons.—The criticism of Froude as a scientific historian, which was especially noticeable after his appointment to the chair of modern history at Oxford, is much like the disturbed content of a body of comfortably settled clergymen of orthodox doctrine and precise MSS. upon the sudden appearance of a natural preacher who has a "message" and a tongue of flame with which to declare it. Froude treats all the facts of history as living material. In his hands the musty old council papers scintillate. As in his volume on the "Life of Erasmus" the bursting of the Reformation cloud was described so vividly that the reader felt himself in the thunder-storm, so in this story of the Council of Trent one is involuntarily carried into the passion of the rising tide of lay intelligence against the ignorance, tyranny, and immorality of the great priest caste. No more forcible summary of the conditions which brought about the Reformation, and gave to Luther's theses the immense and immediate support which they received, has ever been written than the opening chapters of this book. The volume lacks completeness, but that is rather the fault of the subject; for the questions raised still lead us on, and we find ourselves plunged into the very thick of the struggle which we are now largely able to regard as that of the evolution of modern Christianity.

Oliver Wendell Holmes: Life and Letters. By John T. Morse, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.— The character of Holmes was ideal for his biographer, for he was not a genius only in the transient moments of literary inspiration, giving all he had to the permanent work by which he became famous; but his overflowing talents ran through the quiet hours of even his most secluded days, and filled his most casual correspondence with brightness and the fascinating tints of genius. That his external life was comparatively uneventful does not in the least make his biographical record tame: on the other hand, it seems to have saved from dissipation in action the flow of his reflective faculties, and so to have filled with a progressive, meditative, yet exceedingly wittily expressed philosophy his quiet days.

This account of his life, with the extracts from the early diary, and the entertaining later letters, gives us a close, clear view of the man who, of all modern men of letters, was, perhaps, already better known in his domestic life than any other. Yet there seems to be absolutely nothing in Dr. Holmes's most private life which does not increase our admiration. In which of his many capacities he is likely to be most remembered is only for future historians to record. It is possible that his moral earnestness, his attacks upon the hardness of existing creeds, his fight for freedom of the soul, his appeals for more humaneness, may in the future identify his name with those of more clamorous reformers. It is certain that kindliness, geniality, and human sympathy will never be dissociated from his memory.

Mr. Morse deserves much gratitude, as also does the Houghton Publishing Company, for the excellence in every way of this book.

Louis Agassiz: Life, Letters, and Works. By Jules Marcou. New York: Macmillan & Co.—Two handsome volumes here preserve a most personal and delicately conceived history of the life of the great naturalist. Mr. Marcou had the great advantage of being a countryman of Agassiz, as well as a professional contemporary. He is critical as much as sympathetic, and the complete presentation of his subject is well done. The subject itself is quite fascinating, even to unscientific readers.

The boyish joyousness with which the early scenes abound permeates the whole story. It seems to have been largely owing to this grand enthusiasm that Agassiz rose so rapidly, taking by storm the friendship of reserved and difficult scientists like Humboldt; and, doubtless, this tremendous flow of animal spirits alone made possible the accomplishment of the appallingly vast amount of original research embodied in his works. In an appendix Mr. Marcou gives a list, covering forty-four pages, and enumerating 425 papers, essays, and books, from Agassiz's prolific brain. The two volumes form altogether the most satisfactory and thorough life of Agassiz yet published, and will probably remain a permanent authority.

Escape from the Tower. By Emma Marshall. New York: Macmillan & Co.—Mrs. Marshall, who also wrote "The Master of the Musicians," in this book has given us a very vigorous, healthy story, which will keenly interest while it broadly instructs. The story of the heroine, Winifrede, Countess of Nithdale, is taken from authentic records of the Jacobite rising in 1715.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

SERMON TO CHILDREN.

BY REV. ALBERT WALKLEY, BRIGHTON, MASS.

There once lived a boy whose father and mother died before he was fifteen years old. He was born in the great city of New York. He hardly knew what it was to have a home. When he became a man, he took to playing on the stage in theatres. Thus it happened that he wandered from city to city. He also went across the sea, and went among strangers in the countries of Europe, and saw the great people and palaces of those old countries and cities. Not only did he act plays, but he began to write plays himself, and so became well known in the world. He came back to his own country, but he did not care to stay long here. He was a restless kind of a man. He did not stay long anywhere. So he had himself sent to a city in Africa, called Tunis. He had no home there,—no wife, no children. He died there homeless, and on the distant shores of the Mediterranean Sea was buried. A monument was put up in his memory, so that one would think now the wanderer is at last at rest. But no: his countrymen loved him, and they said, "We must have his ashes in our country." It happened, therefore, that thirty years after his death his countrymen brought his dust across the ocean, and put it at last to rest in the capital city of his native country. The name of that city is Washington.

In one of the plays which this wanderer wrote was a little song of two verses. It was a very simple song; but, being simple, it was great. When people heard it, they loved it. It made them weep with joy. They said, "The author is a great man." That little song the people will not let die. They sing it themselves. We have heard great operas by the great, great musicians; but they do not make you feel so happy as does this little song. These great operas will die, people will forget them; but this song will never die. The song of this restless, homeless wanderer will live on and on forever. Perhaps we shall sing it in heaven. Perhaps the great choirs of heaven will join in it, and make heaven glorious with its simple beauty. That song runs like this: —

"'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

"An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain:
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly that came at my call,—
Give me them,—and the peace of mind dearer than all!
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

Almost everything else this wanderer—whose name was John Howard Payne—wrote is forgotten. This piece of poetry has made him immortal.

Now there was another man who wandered about his country, doing good to others. He had no home, but he loved home. He loved children: he wanted them to come to him. And they did come. He was always talking about them, and about brothers and sisters and father and mother and the love of home. He said that the little birds had nests for homes, that the animals had places in the ground, in the rocks or the trees, out of which they made homes, but that he had no home himself. But he was all the time trying to get men and women and children to see that the God who made all the world and the sky and the stars and men and women made all on the plan of a home. He wanted men to see that God had made us all brothers and sisters to each other, and that he had placed us here to make it all homelike. And he wanted us to make it homelike all over the world, from the north pole to the south pole, from where the sun rises to where the sun sets. He taught us that God himself, the great God over all, the great Spirit everywhere, after he had made us brothers and sisters, called himself Our Father. And this God, Jesus said, is a real

Father, who loves us, and who would have us love each other.

Jesus wanted all men to see that we were not to be afraid of God, but to feel he was with us in this great home which he had made. And afterward we were going to a larger home, where we were going to know more about what it meant to have God as our father, more what it meant to have all men as brothers.

Jesus never would give up the home idea. And he made his religion one that was to keep on telling men that they are brothers, that God is their Father, and that there is only one family in heaven and earth.

We love our homes. We are feeling every day more and more that this world, with its beautiful trees and flowers and birds and blue sky, and friends and loved ones, is our blessed home, and that we are going slowly, but cheerfully, on and on, to a more beautiful home in the sweet by and by. This feeling makes us Christians, and it makes us love Jesus for teaching such a beautiful, helpful, hopeful religion.

QUALITY, NOT PLACE.

Said A, "Whene'er I stand between
The letters B and D,
I'm in the midst of all that's BAD,
As you may plainly see."

"How strange!" said merry, laughing E:
"When *I* between them am,
I'm tucked up comfortably in BED,
And happy as a clam."

"It's quality within ourselves,"
Then mused the letter A,
"And not the place we occupy,
That makes us sad or gay."

—*Mrs. H. M. Greenleaf, St. Nicholas.*

A CAT CLIMBS A CHURCH STEEPLE: HOW IT WAS RESCUED.

One beautiful summer evening the avenues were thronged with people on their way to church. At a corner several persons were standing, gazing apparently into the air. Others soon joined them, until so large a crowd was gathered that the way was blocked. Soon the windows along the street were thronged, and a number of persons were seen on the tops of the houses in the neighborhood.

And what do you think they saw? Clinging for dear life to a jutting ornament near the top of the tall church steeple that pointed straight up into the soft evening air, was a black cat. "How did it get there?" was the first question every one asked, and "How will it get down?" was the next.

The poor thing was looking down, and at frequent intervals it uttered a pitiful cry, as if calling to the crowd below for help. Once it slipped and fell a short distance down the sloping side of the steeple; and an exclamation of pity came from the crowd, now intensely interested in its fate. Luckily, the cat's paws caught on another projection, and for the moment it was safe.

Some looker-on suggested that it be shot, in order to save it from the more dreadful death that seemed to await it; but no one was willing to fire the shot. Erelong a little window, some distance above the place where the cat was clinging, was seen to open. Two boys had determined to save it. They had mounted the stairs to where the bell hung, and then by a ladder reached the window. The boys were seen to be lowering a basket down the side of the steeple.

Pussy watched it intently as it slowly came nearer and nearer. When it was within reach, she carefully put out one paw and took hold of the side of the basket, then as carefully repeated the action with the other paw, then with a violent effort flung herself over the side into the bottom of the basket.

She was safely drawn to the window, amid loud cheers from the spectators below.—*St. Nicholas.*

AN ORIENTAL LULLABY.

"Come, little pigeon, all weary with play,
Come, and thy pinions furl."
That's what a Japanese mamma would say
To her sweet little Japanese girl.
"Cease to flutter thy white, white wings,
Now that the day is dead:
Listen and dream while the mother bird sings."
That means, "It's time for bed."

"Stay, little sunbeam, and cherish me here:
My heart is so cold when you roam."
That is the Japanese "No, my dear:
I'd rather you played at home."
"Roses and lilies shall strew thy ways:
The Sun Goddess now has smiled."
That's what a Japanese mamma would say
To a good, little, yellow-faced child.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

It will be seen by reference to the cover that we are keeping an *index* to every item of news from our churches. At the end of each year that index is given to every subscriber, so that references to what has taken place in any society can easily be made.

Has your church an item of news in this number of the *Unitarian?* We should be glad to have you represented, and will gladly publish every month any announcements, notices, or news which you will send us. The *Unitarian* is a parish paper, and its interest is in every parish.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Ministers' Institute.—Will hold its next meeting at Concord, Mass. The opening meeting will be held Tuesday evening, September 29. The last meeting will be held Friday, October 2. Rev. John W. Chadwick will act as president *pro tem.* Albert Walkley, Secretary.

Unitarian Grove Meeting at The Weirs, N.H., July 27 to August 2. Programme as follows:—

Monday, July 27: 8 P.M., reception at Lakeside House; address of welcome by Rev. Charles J. Staples, president of Grove Meeting Committee; vocal and instrumental music by talented artists.

Tuesday, July 28, "New Hampshire Day": 10.30 A.M., sermon by Rev. Charles J. Staples of Manchester; 2.30 P.M., platform missionary meeting in charge of Rev. George E. Littlefield of Peterboro; 7.30 P.M., conference meeting in charge of Rev. Frank L. Phalen of Concord.

Wednesday, July 29: annual excursion to Wolfeboro; 7.30 P.M., sermon by Rev. Samuel B. Stewart of Lynn, Mass.

Thursday, July 30, "Woman's Day": 10.30 A.M., sermon by Mrs. Lila Frost Sprague of Boston, Mass.; 2.30 P.M., platform meeting in charge of Women's Alliance, papers and addresses; 7.30 P.M., address by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore of Melrose, Mass.

Friday, July 31, "Young People's Religious Union": 10.30 A.M., sermon; 2.30 P.M., mass meeting in charge of Rev. Leslie W. Sprague of Boston, Mass.; 7.30 P.M., illustrated lecture on "Napoleon," by Rev. F. A. Gilmore of Haverhill, Mass.

Saturday, August 1, "Layman's Day": 10.30 A.M., lecture, "George Eliot, and the Religion of Humanity," by Prof. James T. Bixby, Ph.D., of Yonkers, N.Y.; 2.30 P.M., addresses by Hon. Hosea Parker of Claremont, Hon. James O. Lyford of Concord, and others; 7.30 P.M., social and reception at "Fellowship Cottage," residence of Hon. J. W. Fellows of Manchester.

Sunday, August 2: 10 A.M., service of song; 10.30 A.M., sermon by Rev. William M. Brundage of Albany, N.Y.; 2.30 P.M., sermon by Rev. E. L. Rexford, D.D., of Columbus, Ohio; 7.30 P.M., farewell service conducted by Rev. Samuel C. Beane, D.D., of Newburyport, Mass.

Anamosa, Ia.—This vigorous parish has in prospect the settling of a minister, with the accompaniment of a stirring installation.

Athol, Mass.—At the Second Church, June 7, a beautiful and impressive christening service was held at the close of the morning service. Fifteen German children were dedicated to God's service. The singing by the church quartette, the beautiful display of ferns and white flowers, and the rendering of the service in German were all evidently appreciated by our German friends. Sunday, June 14, Rev. Mr. Horst preached a strong and forcible sermon on "What is True Liberalism?" Two special collections will be taken up this month, one for the "Athol Country Week," and one to assist our Unitarian friends in St. Louis who lost their church during the cyclone.

Berkeley, Cal.—Perhaps one of the most enjoyable and satisfactory enterprises ever undertaken by the Women's Auxiliary was the flower show, held May 8 and 9, which won hearty praises from all who were fortunate enough to see it. The exhibit was one of rare beauty, good taste, and of distinctive educative value; for the thought behind all the arrangements bespoke a significant, ultimate purpose, wider than that of mere financial success, and which will lead to some related undertaking of permanent value.

In the blessed work of helping the world forward by helpful teaching, our pastor, Rev. E. B. Payne, has given us some notable discourses of late. Such sermons as these give dignity and purpose to our life, to know it is linked with the eternal things as prelude and preparation.

Boston, Mass.—The outdoor public services so successfully carried on by the Benevolent Fraternity last summer have begun again, and seem to attract quite as much interest as before, although the number of similar meetings has so increased as to divide attention. The beautiful Boston

Common is certainly an inviting spot in which to hold these meetings; and the speakers invariably seem to feel at perfect ease beneath the overhanging boughs, though standing upon the unfamiliar platform of a tool-chest lid. A conversational and direct delivery is naturally the result of the situation, and the speakers are frequently greeted with applause from the mixed congregation so promiscuously assembled.

—At the New South Church, after a period of some uncertainty since Rev. L. B. Macdonald's resignation, a vigorous campaign has been actively set in motion by the installation of Rev. Leslie W. Sprague and his wife, Rev. L. F. Sprague, as pastor and associate. Mr. Sprague is full of enthusiastic expectation for the future of the New South, and no effort will be spared to make a thoroughly popular democratic church, inspired by and proclaiming the glad tidings and cheering, simple faith of the Unitarian gospel. It is sincerely to be hoped that every Boston minister of our denomination will take an especial interest in this most desirable enterprise, and lend a hand to Mr. Sprague.

Cedar Rapids, Ia.—The congregation of this church is not so large as some others, but it has a business way of doing its business that proves very satisfactory to the officers and members. It is, in effect, pay cash, and keep out of debt. For several years this policy has been in force, and the congregation could not now be induced to accept any haphazard way of conducting its affairs.

At the meeting last evening reports were made by the officers of the parish, the Ladies' Aid Society, the Sunday-school, the senior and junior King's Daughters, and the People's Club. Mr. Jenkins, the clerk, reported that all accounts against the church were paid in full, and that there was a balance in the treasury.

The Ladies' Aid Society, through Mrs. C. D. Van Vechten, reported a total collection of over $500 for the year.

The King's Daughters report a total collection of $80, besides a considerable amount of work done and money collected for various charitable purposes.

The People's Club realized a net sum of about $100 during the winter. The Sunday-school has increased in numbers, and also has a balance on hand.

The choir is a voluntary one, and is under the direction of Mr. Jenkins. The members work without pay, except the organist. Mr. Palmar, the pastor, spoke of the work of the choir, and commended it heartily.

Chelsea, Mass.—"Flower Sunday" was observed June 14, in spite of the inclemency of the weather. The church was prettily decorated with plants and cut flowers. There were many parents and friends present, who listened to the beautiful and appropriate exercises by the children of the kindergarten and the pupils of the Sunday-school. The pastor, Mr. Reccord, preached a brief "Sermon from the Flowers." Perhaps the most impressive part of the service was the christening of five little children. At the close of the service each child was presented with a potted plant. On Sunday, June 21, there was a consecration service, with a welcome to new members. The pulpit was prettily decorated, and the choir rendered special music. At the close of the morning sermon there was a simple but impressive service of welcome, after which Mr. Reccord extended the right hand of fellowship to eighteen new members. During the service three babies, whom the storm of the previous Sunday had kept at home, were brought forward and christened. The church closes June 28 for July and August.

Cleveland, Ohio.—Unity Church was never more beautifully adorned with flowers than on "Children's Day," the second Sunday in June. The service was in keeping with the beauty of the place, and was very impressive. A christening service was conducted by Miss Murdock, and a brief service of welcome to new members was observed. Miss Buck gave a sermon from the text, "The flowers appear on the earth," in which the order of the natural world and the beauty of the flowers were taken as a revelation of the divine Spirit. The lines

> "When I behold the beauty of the flower,
> It is to me the Father's loving smile,"

suggested the theme, "A Smile of God."

The children of the Sunday-school voluntarily gave up their annual picnic, in order that they might add the amount usually bestowed upon them for the picnic to the fund sent to the St. Louis church. The ladies' societies of the church have combined to form a Branch of the National Alliance, and plans are well under way for the work of the coming year. The lawn fête for the benefit of Unity Kindergarten netted $200 to the fund; and the ladies will enter the new year of work in the kindergarten with $300, half its expense for the year, on hand. Subscriptions enough to cover the remaining amount have been pledged. On June 28 the church will hold its last session before the summer vacation, and will reopen the first Sunday in September.

Concord, N.H.—"Flower Sunday" was observed by the Sunday-school June 14. The chapel was tastefully decorated by some of the young ladies with wild flowers, and the service for "Flower Sunday" in the new service-book was used. In the evening a special meeting of the Channing

Guild was held, at which interesting reports were given of the representative meeting of young people's guilds held in Boston, May 28, by our two delegates, Paul Phalen and Huse Blanchard. Some of Rev. F. L. Phalen's recent subjects have been "The Tragedies at St. Louis and Moscow: How can we reconcile them with the Divine Goodness?" "Liberty in Religion: Its Use and Abuse," and "The Love of God."

Unitarian Educational Society: The adjourned annual meeting of the Unitarian Educational Society was held at the parlor of the Unitarian church, June 22. The usual reports were made, and the following officers elected for the ensuing year: J. C. A. Hill, president; C. C. Danforth, vice-president; C. E. Carr, clerk and auditor; R. P. Carr (Andover, N.H.), treasurer; Rev. Lyman Clark, financial agent; and J. C. A. Hill, Rev. S. C. Beane, J. W. Fellows, Dr. H. A. Weymouth, W. S. Carr, Rev. F. L. Phalen, and George W. Stone (Andover, N.H.), executive committee of the board of trustees. Members of the board of trustees not on the executive committee are Solomon Spalding, Solon A. Carter, Miss Mary A. Downing, Rev. D. M. Wilson, Rev. J. B. Morrison, Rev. Lyman Clark, W. S. Quimby, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Fellows, and Mrs. Carrie Carr.

The annual exercises of Proctor Academy, which is maintained by the society, having taken place June 5, it is found that two members of the school for the past year will take final examinations for Harvard College, and two will seek admission to the Meadville Theological School. During fifteen years of the school under the present management, its pupils have taken subsequent studies at Harvard and Dartmouth Colleges, the Harvard Divinity School, New Hampshire and Massachusetts Agricultural Colleges, the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, University of California, Boston University Law School, New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Normal Schools at Plymouth, N.H., Salem, Bridgewater, and Worcester, Mass., and a New York Normal School.

Decorah, Ia.—Unity Church at this place is closing the most successful year of its history. Both in numbers and in the enthusiastic response of its friends in money and service, the year has been most fruitful of permanent growth. Since last November, when Rev. A. G. Wilson, formerly of Spokane, Wash., became our pastor, twenty-five new members have been added. Two services have been held each Sunday, and a "unity assembly of young people" has met an hour before the evening service. The "assembly" has been the religious and educational department, with an average attendance of sixty, including all ages. The Ladies' Society has been especially active in carrying to successful results an elaborate "Carnival of Days," in which they netted $250. The quarterly meetings of the society have been largely attended by all friends of the church, and determine the details and policy of the society. It is proposed this year to omit services only during the month of August; and, with the renewal of activities, it is intended to introduce several features of a religious and philanthropic nature not before thought practicable.

Detroit, Mich.—In accordance with the new articles of association adopted by the Unitarian church last November, the annual meeting of the society was held May 28 in the church parlors on Edmund Place. The meeting was called to order by the clerk, and Capt. Gilbert Hart was chosen moderator. The report of the treasurer, Frederick H. Holt, was then read, showing the society free from debt, and with a substantial gain in the number of families and individuals contributing. The report of the Sunday-school was made by Mrs. Frances Bagley Brown, superintendent. Miss R. G. Mumford reported as secretary and treasurer of the Ladies' Industrial Circle, Miss Emmons for the Charity Club, Mrs. A. A. Ballow for the Detroit Branch of the National Alliance of Unitarian and Other Liberal Churches, Miss M. F. Power for the Unity Club, and Mrs. Gibson for the Ladies' Union.

The election of the trustees for three years being next in order, the clerk was instructed to cast the ballot of the society for John N. Bagley, Fred N. Holt, and Thomas W. Palmer to succeed themselves. The vacancy in the board occasioned by the resignation of John W. Loud, who has removed to Montreal, was filled by the election of Dr. N. W. Ives. Mrs. Frances Bagley Brown was unanimously elected superintendent of the Sunday-school, and the thanks of the society voted for her fidelity and zeal in carrying on the work during the past year. An advisory committee was then chosen, consisting of Percy Ives, Mrs. Charles T. Cook, Mrs. Kinzie Bates, A. G. Boynton, S. Olin Johnson, Miss Annie Wiley, A. E. Baker, and A. S. Parker. The appointment of the reception committee, whose duty it is to welcome strangers to the church, was left to the moderator. Percy Pease and Fred Hart were re-elected ushers, with power to select their assistants; and the thanks of the society were tendered them for their services during the past year.

On motion of Senator Palmer the trustees were instructed to prepare suitable resolutions expressive of the society's appreciation of the faithful services of John W. Loud as trustee and its regret at his resignation and removal from the city. On like motion the trustees were instructed to prepare a proper memorial upon the demise of the late Henry Warner Newberry, for forty-

three years a member of the society, to cause the same to be spread on the minutes, and a copy to be sent to the family of the deceased. Before adjournment the meeting was addressed briefly by Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells. At the close of the meeting those present were invited to join the ladies in partaking of strawberries, ice-cream, and other refreshments in the supper room,—an invitation which was unanimously and heartily accepted. This church has no debt.

England.— LONDON: STOKE NEWINGTON.—In the Band of Hope Recitation Competitions for the medal given by the United Temperance Conference, the medals have been awarded to Annie North and Charles Bigg.

MANCHESTER UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.—The annual scholars' festival was held in the Free Trade Hall. Mr. W. H. Mellor (president) took the chair; and the service was conducted by Rev. A. H. Dolphin, Pendleton. Hymns from "Hymns and Choral Songs" were sung; and the choir sang the anthems "Praise ye the Lord" and "But the Lord is mindful." Mr. J. W. Allen conducted, and Mr. G. M. Little again presided at the organ. Rev. A. H. Dolphin's address was short, lucid, and practical. The good attendance (over three thousand), good singing, and good address made a festival which was, in every sense of the word, a success. Mr. C. Renshaw was the very able marshal.

Farmington, Me.—The services at Temple continue to draw large congregations, and a church organization is in process of formation. The May fair at Farmington was a great success financially and otherwise.

Framingham, Mass.—Rev. Charles A. Humphreys of Randolph made an address on Thursday, June 18, in Plymouth Church, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the installation of Rev. L. R. Eastman over this Trinitarian Congregational church. Rev. M. J. Savage, who was once settled over this church, sent a letter of congratulation.

Humboldt, Ia.—The Sunday-school reported for year ending April 5: number enrolled, who have attended five Sundays or more, 74; average attendance, 43; number of services, 47; largest attendance, Jan. 26, 1896, 64; smallest attendance, Aug. 18, 1895, 21; total collections, $51.95; average collections, $1.10; total paid out, $40.81; balance, April 5, $11.14.

The Ladies' Circle reported for year ending April 1: twenty-seven afternoon meetings, six sociables, and a fair, from which sources there have been received $209.18, most of which has been applied on parsonage debt.

The secretary of the Unity Club reported: thirty two meetings announced, thirty-one were held, one being adjourned because of bad weather. Of the thirty-one meetings seven were of special interest; and the audiences were much larger than usual, the average attendance being 140. For the remaining twenty-four meetings the average attendance was 49, a better average than Unity Club has had for years. Three entertainments were most successfully conducted. Last September there were 94 cents in the treasury. The receipts for the winter have been $51.90.

Iowa City, Ia.—Reports come to us of a promising outlook for this society, under Miss Gordon's vigorous management.

Milton, Mass.—On the evening of June 23 the parish parlors were glorious with a wonderful profusion of June roses; but these were almost forgotten in the quickly gathering company of gayly attired and happy-faced children, girls, matrons, and men, which thronged eagerly around the minister, Rev. Roderick Stebbins, to congratulate him upon the tenth anniversary of his ordination and installation as minister of this church. The high esteem and true affection in which Mr. Stebbins is held is the best possible proof of the growing value and success of his ministry; and the hearty greetings he received on this occasion and the joyous faces of all his parishioners must have been a deep source of holy satisfaction to him, while the presence of many brother ministers, among whom were Rev. Messrs. James De Normandie, Theodore C. Williams, William H. Fish, Henry F. Jenks, told of sympathetic relations beyond the parish limits.

Services during the summer are to be held in the parish parlor while the interior of the church is undergoing thorough redecoration, recarpeting, etc.

Newburyport, Mass.—Our church observed "Flower Sunday" June 21. The stately edifice was made beautiful with an abundance of flowers, furnished and arranged in exquisite taste by the King's Daughters. Six children were baptized, and four young persons were confirmed. At the session of the Sunday-school interesting services were held, it being the seventy-second anniversary of its formation. Six members received graduating diplomas from the infant class.

Plymouth, Mass.—The corner-stone of the new First Church in Plymouth was laid on Monday, June 29, at four o'clock in the afternoon. Work on the new structure began April 10. The foundations have been laid in a solid and workmanlike manner, and the walls are now ready for the

flooring. The people of the parish and of the town are much pleased with the progress thus far made, and with the prospects for the future. The society hope to occupy the Sunday-school rooms by December.

Presque Isle, Me.—New lesson courses for several of the Sunday-school classes have been secured. Young men and women, as well as older members of the congregation, are invited to join the advanced class. Strangers are always welcome.

Saco, Me.—Everything is as usual in the church affairs. The Sunday services and Sunday-school are well attended. A recent visit from Rev. Dr. Blanchard of Portland, in exchange with our pastor, was greatly enjoyed. Another barrel has been sent to Tuskegee.

The Social Circle had a sale and entertainment, the proceeds to go toward remodelling the vestry. Supper was served on the European plan, and the entertainment attracted an audience that filled the vestry to its utmost capacity; and we hope to have the building put in good shape during the summer.

The meetings of the Alliance have been well attended during the winter; and, while not having great things written on the pages of its records, the Alliance has made itself felt in various ways, to some extent at least, outside of purely home affairs. An afternoon meeting was held at the house of Mrs. Mason, at which Mrs. L. J. Burgess of Portland read a very fine paper on "The Value of the Bible in Literary Study." A small admission fee was asked, and the proceeds devoted to our St. John donation.

Salem, Mass.—The work of our churches is practically suspended until September 1. During July and August union services will be held at the First Church.

Salem, Ore.—Though the hard times have severely injured the society, yet the people do not despair, but work more earnestly than ever. The Columbian fête, under the superintendence of Miss Matthews, of Chicago, was recently given with great success, and added quite a sum to the treasury of the Women's Auxiliary. On Sunday night, May 10, a society of young people was organized, with the purpose of "welding together those who love, in the service of those who suffer." It is called "United Guild," and now has thirty members. Mr. Copeland, after an illness of a month, is well again, and has been lecturing to large congregations on the X-ray and its relations to mind-reading and kindred topics, also calling attention to the religious side of the new discoveries which are attracting so much attention.

San Diego, Cal.—The First Unitarian Society of San Diego has taken a new lease of life. The average attendance at the Sunday evening service since January 1 has been two hundred and thirty-seven; and indications are that this average is rising, in spite of the departure of the tourist population. A club of young people, called "The Unity League," has just been organized, whose purpose it is to promote the social life and intellectual interests of the young people. The lectures of the pastor, Rev. Solon Lauer, given on week evenings, have been largely attended. The subjects have included several phases of Psychical Research, Psycho-therapeutics, Food, and other topics bearing on practical life problems. An illustrated lecture on the Adirondacks, and several exhibitions of fine stereopticon views by Mr. Lauer, have added to the interest and the income of the society. The Sunday-school, under the efforts of Mrs. Covel and her corps of teachers, has steadily grown in numbers and interest. Plans are drawn for a new building for the society; and, if the Loan Fund extends some aid, the building will probably soon materialize. The Universalist society has discontinued its meetings, and most of its members now attend service at Unity Hall. A "Society of Silent Unity" has been recently organized, which meets in Unity Hall once a week, under the leadership of the pastor, for the study and application of the laws and forces of mind.

Sheffield, Ill.—This society has had a prosperous year. It has always been an independent and self-supporting society. The membership and attendance are steadily increasing, though in a small place like this the raw material for recruits must necessarily be comparatively small. Just now the Ladies' Society, with Mrs. Will Dewey as president, is remodelling the parlors of the church. The Ladies' Society provided the dinner to which the high school alumni sat down. The dinner was pronounced a culinary and financial success.

Under the able leadership of Mr. C. H. Townshend, who has conducted the choir for nearly twenty years, that body has rendered most excellent music. It is ungrudgingly accorded the palm of talent of any choir in the neighborhood.

The guild has closed for the season. The Sunday-school has a faithful body of workers. A successful and beneficial feature is the kindergarten class, originated and carried on by Miss Lila Williams. At the close of the exercises the pastor reviews the whole school in the lesson of the day.

The Sheffield church has just raised $50 to find a permanent home for some homeless child, under the auspices of the Illinois Children's Home Society, the Guild, the Ladies' Society, and the Sunday-school supplying about half this amount, the rest being made up by individual subscriptions. This is a good work, reforming at the be-

ginning, and a work which our Western churches might more often participate in.

The next near event is the marriage of the pastor, Rev. Stanley M. Hunter, the bride-elect hailing from Salt Lake City, where she has been one of the earnest workers of the Unitarian society of that inter-mountain capital. Much added usefulness to the labors of the Sheffield church is naturally looked for from the consummation of this event, and the Sheffield church already congratulates itself upon the prospect.

Sioux City, Ia.—The new plan of giving a song service every Sunday evening is meeting with success and approval. The audience joins very heartily in the singing of the familiar hymns, while the selections sung by the quartette and choir and played on the organ seem to be appreciated. The services will be continued into the summer.

The noted evangelist, Williams, has been invited by the Ministerial Association of this city to hold a series of revival meetings here. A corner quite centrally located is being prepared for the erection of a large tent, which, it is expected, will be daily and nightly filled with anxious souls. Whether we approve of his methods or accept his doctrines, we cannot deny that the liberal church would do well to emulate his zeal, energy, and enthusiasm.

Springfield, Mass.—The Sunday-school of the Church of the Unity gave a lawn party at the Col. Thompson place Friday evening, June 12. The proceeds will be used in charitable work. Sunday, June 14, the members of the Sunday-school had a written examination on their year's work, "The Life of Saint Paul."

June 21 was "Flower Sunday." There was a union service of church and Sunday-school, the sermon being addressed to the children. Two infants and several Sunday-school scholars were baptized. Prizes for scholarship and for prompt and regular attendance at Sunday-school were awarded, the girls carrying off the honors in the former and the boys in the latter. Cut flowers were distributed to the scholars at the close of the service. There will be no further sessions of the Sunday-school until fall. The evening services have been discontinued for the summer months.

Toledo, Ohio.—Rev. A. G. Jennings, pastor of the Church of Our Father, will preach on the two Sundays prior to the usual vacation, as follows: July 5, "The Church and State"; July 12, "The New Unitarianism."

Washta, Ia.—The time for which Mr. Van Sluyters was engaged to preach for us, in connection with the Cherokee society, is about to expire; and it is probable that his relation with us will then terminate. Mr. Van Sluyters's work has been very satisfactory to us. His sermons are scholarly, practical, and helpful; and he goes from us with the esteem and best wishes for the future of every member of our society. Hereafter lay services will be held, some member of the society preparing and reading a paper; and the Washta society will keep on in its usual self-reliant and independent way. Under the masterful leadership of Mr. H. M. Ferrin, our Sunday-school is in a vigorous condition.

Wollaston, Mass.—When our church was built, no one dreamed that the time would come so soon when we should need a larger building. Now we really need more room; and a larger, more convenient structure is what we must look forward to in the near future.

More than one organization has been started in connection with our church during the past three years in which Mr. Bagley has been our pastor. We have the Unity Club, the Altar Society, the Sunny Hour Club, the Guild of the Good Shepherd, and the Angelus Brotherhood, each of which is an eminent success, and in a flourishing condition. All of these, in addition to the good old Ladies' Aid, which has been the strong right arm of the church ever since its foundation! And yet, tireless workers as we Wollaston Unitarians are, we must needs have one more organization; and so on April 9 of this year a meeting was called to consider the advisability of establishing in connection with our church a Branch of the National Alliance of Liberal Christian Women.

At this meeting, which was held in the vestry, Mrs. Lombard of Plymouth, Mass., gave before the seventeen ladies present a most interesting paper on "The Alliance: Its Work and Needs," at the conclusion of which, after a very brief discussion, an organization was completed which now has the following persons as its board of directors: Mrs. Charles Crane, president; Mrs. James E. Bagley, secretary; Mrs. Eugene Sprague, treasurer; Miss Hattie Turner, Mrs. W. E. Simmons, Mrs. Fred Merrill, vice-presidents.

Yarmouth, Me.—The Lend a Hand Club and the Willing Workers are doing something in the way of making clothing for children to whom it is acceptable. These are live clubs, eager to do. All who thus work for others are really doing more for themselves in the noble traits they are establishing. Let the good work go on.

To get up every morning with the firm resolve to find pleasure in duties, and do them well, and finish the work which God has given us to do, that is to drink Christ's cup. The humblest occupation has in it materials of discipline for the highest heaven.—*F. W. Robertson.*

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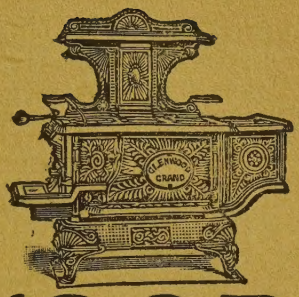

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